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IN TIME OF WAR.

There are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us every where;
The nation's pulse hath an unsteady beat,
For scents of battle foul the summer air.

A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then—as when a strong man stints his breath—
A stillness comes; and each one in his place
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.

The "Extras" fall like rain upon a drought,
And startled people crowd around the board
Whereon the nation's sum of loss or gain
In rude and hurried characters is scored.

Perhaps it is a glorious triumph gleam—
An earnest of our Future's recompense;
Perhaps it is a story of defeat,
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.

But whether Failure darkens all the land,
Or whether Victory sets its blood ablaze,
An awful cry, a mighty throb of pain,
Shall scare the sweetness from these summer days.

God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood!
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,
The incense of a people's sacrifice—
The wrested offering of a people's strength!

It is the costliest land beneath the sun!
'Tis priceless; purchaseless! And not a rood
But hath its title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil
But thriveth well beneath the holy dew
Of tears, that ease a nation's straining heart,
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through.

MORGAN'S RAID.

We publish below an illustration of the Entry of the Rebel Raider Morgan into the Town of Washington, Ohio, on the occasion of his late raid into that State. The famous bandit levied pretty freely on the defenseless towns and villages through which he passed, directing his men to provide themselves with food, clothing, horses, and whatever else they wanted. In these respects he treated loyal men and Copperheads with perfect impartiality—robbing some opponents of "this Abolition war" very thoroughly. We gave in our last number the fact of his capture. We now append the following interesting account of the last excursion of the famous bandit, from the Columbus *Journal* of July 30:

Yesterday afternoon, in accordance with orders of the War Department, John Morgan and twenty-eight of his command were placed in the Ohio Penitentiary, where they are to be subjected to close confinement until the rebels see proper to release the officers of the Streight and Grierson expedition, now inmates of the Libby Prison at Richmond. The prisoners arrived on the afternoon train from Cincinnati, which stopped at the State Avenue crossing, thus saving the trouble of marching them from the dépôt. A detachment of the Provost Guard had been detailed to keep the road from the track to the Penitentiary clear of people—a measure that was absolutely necessary, considering the large crowd that had collected. It required but a few minutes for the Guard, under command of Lieutenant Irwin, to conduct the prisoners to the Penitentiary, where General Mason turned them over to N. Merion, Esq., the Warden, who received his charge with as much grace as the circumstances would allow.

The examination of the prisoners which followed was a tedious process, but was not devoid of interest. It was conducted with due regard for the feelings of the prisoners, and at the same time it was very minute. One fellow was compelled to hand over a watch he had concealed in one of his pantaloon legs, between the lining and the cloth, while others handed over articles, including greenbacks and "Confederate scrip." These things will at the proper time be returned to those from whom they were taken, unless they were a part of their stealings in their late raids. Morgan himself had several hundred dollars in money, and what he considered as money, the greater part of which consisted of greenbacks.

As the examination of each prisoner was completed, he was marched to the wash-house, where he was required to give himself a "scrubbing," and from thence he was taken to his cell. Morgan, who was the first one to pass through this ordeal, did so with as much indifference as he could command, which, however, was but little; for as he passed into the ante-room that leads to the cells, his step was far from being as firm as one would expect, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary. The prisoners are to be governed by the rules of the prison, which will prevent them from talking with each other. Their beards have been shaven in accordance with these rules, and they will doubtless find themselves otherwise inconvenienced by them. They will receive the same treatment as other prisoners receive, which is all they ask, and which is better than has been done to many a Union soldier who has died in some Southern prison. They will be closely confined to their cells, though they will doubtless be allowed to take some exercise each day. We understand that details from the Provost Guard will keep close watch over them.

There were several other facts connected with this matter, which we are compelled to postpone for the present. However, we hope that this retaliatory measure on the part of our authorities will soon have the desired effect to secure the speedy release of the officers of Colonel Streight's expedition, among whom are several citizens of Columbus.

THE CAPTURE AND BOGUS SURRENDER OF MORGAN.

The following letter appears in the Cincinnati *Times:*

Cincinnati, *Thursday, July* 28, 1863.

I overtook Major-General Morgan and his entire force, on the 26th inst., at 2 o'clock P.M. On the first sight of the enemy, I found that he was moving rapidly toward Smith's Ford. I at once commenced a rapid movement to intercept him. I succeeded in my attempt. The result was the surrender of Gen. Morgan's forces to my command.

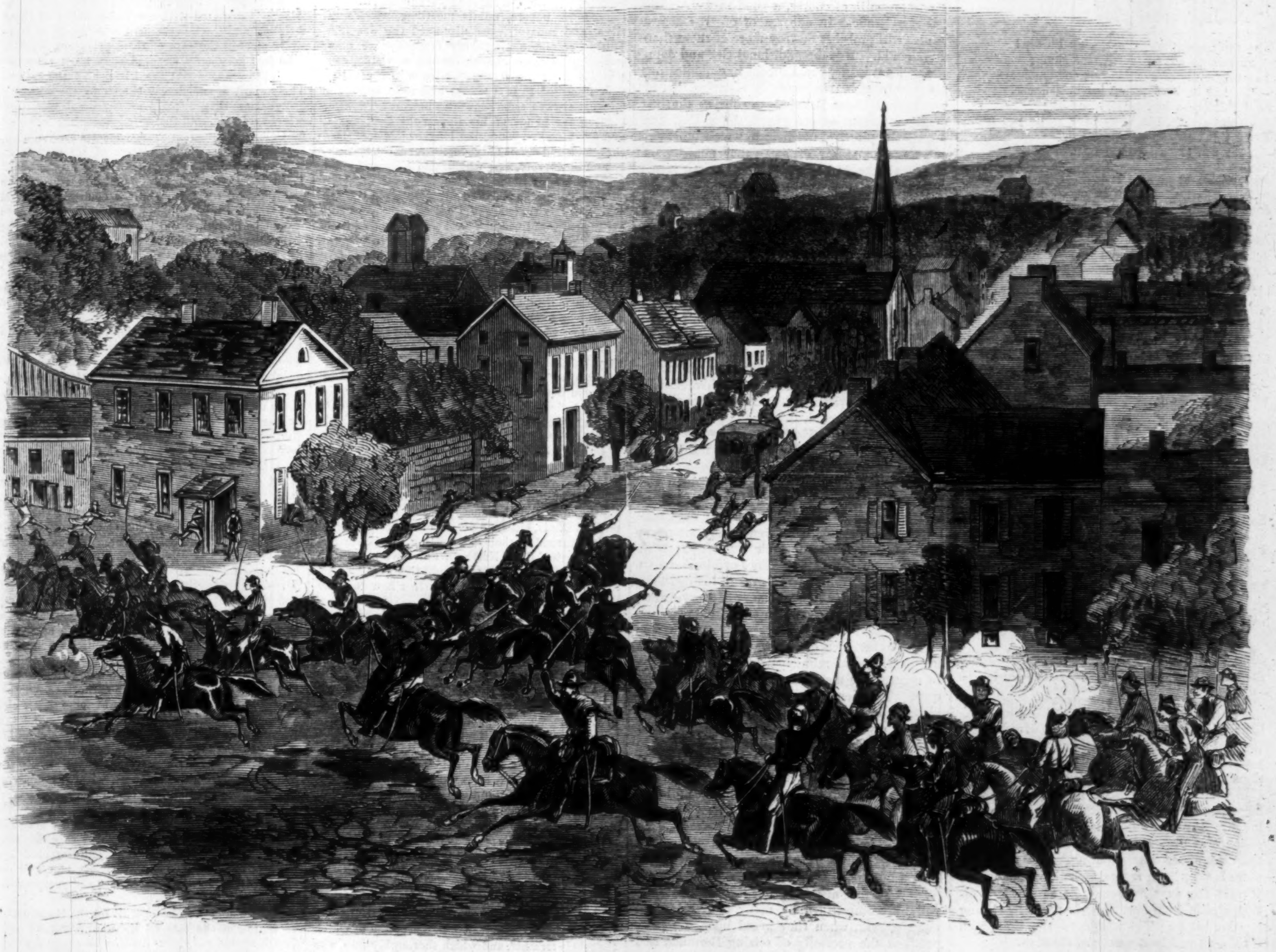
On my approach to the road on the enemy's front, I observed a flag of truce advancing to me. I proceeded to the spot and asked the bearer what he wanted. He said he demanded a surrender of the militia forces now advancing. I told him at once to return to General Morgan, and tell him that I did not command militia; that I would not surrender, but demanded an unconditional surrender of his entire forces, or I would open fire immediately upon them.

In a few minutes Captain Neil of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry (under my command) came up from my left with Major Steel, of the rebel force, bearing a flag of truce, and stating that General Morgan's forces had already surrendered, and they hoped they would not be fired on. I assured Major Steel that there was no danger while the flag was present.

I at once concluded that the surrender was complete, and remarked to the parties that all should remain quiet until General Shackelford arrived. I then rode forward and met General Morgan under a full belief that the affair was all settled.

It was soon observed by some one that the terms of surrender were made with Captain Burbridge, of the militia, who was a prisoner in Morgan's ranks, he permitting Morgan and his officers to be paroled, and field and line officers to retain their side-arms. On seeing Captain Burbridge, he told me that such was the case. I asked at what time and how long since Morgan had surrendered to him. He said at the same time I myself had intercepted him. This was quite a trick, and I paid no more attention to the affair, but turned John and his party over to General Shackelford, and proceeded to disarm the prisoners, all except the line officers; I let them keep their side-arms for the present, until the Burbridge surrender was further investigated. Burbridge's surrender was *a mere ruse.*

George W. Rue,
Major Ninth Kentucky Cavalry.



MORGAN'S RAID—ENTRY OF MORGAN'S FREEBOOTERS INTO WASHINGTON, OHIO.

RUSE DE GUERRE.

So, Phillip, it seems you're offended—
 I'll own I've not acted quite right;
But is the occasion sufficient
 To stir up your wrath in its might?
If you hadn't appeared so excited,
 If you were not so easily teased,
I should never have gone off with Charlie—
 But *you* knew I would do as *I* pleased!

Great Mogul! am *I* your Sultana,
 To come and to go at command?
How you could imagine I feared you
 Is a thing that I don't understand;
If you hadn't assumed *le dictateur*
 With *such* an imperial air,
I should never have thought of offending—
 But your look—it said, "Go if you dare!"

Shall I own that the mirth and the music
 Of that night were all lost upon me?
Even Charlie's low tones were unheeded—
 Ah! I thought of one dearer than he!
While *you* were resolving to cast me
 Beyond the confines of your heart,
I sighed in the midst of rejoicing
 That you in the scene had no part.

One kind look—my heart would have softened;
 One whisper—my tears had burst forth!
But your words in their bitter upbraiding—
 Ah! they stifled regret at its birth;
And my spirit, all tameless, rose proudly,
 Indignation gave strength to each nerve:
I knew I was wrong, but, oh, surely,
 I'd done nothing such wrath to deserve.

Now, Phillip, you know that I love you,
 In spite of the *notions* you take;
And my poor heart is aching right sadly,
 But I don't think 'tis likely to break.
'Tis a pity, I'll own—and *reads* badly;
 But I fear the material's *tough*—
I'm not going to die, *mon cher* Phillip,
 Because—you don't love me *enough!*

You know you are perfectly killing!
 Addie Bell is aware of it too;
She's tender and timid and clinging,
 And then—she is dying for *you!*
If you love her, I'm perfectly willing
 To let her slip into *my* place;
I never had half so much sweetness,
 Nor half so much languishing grace.

So, Phillip, you're welcome to dangle
 Around that "dear amiable girl;"
You're welcome to praise in *my* hearing
 The tint and the twine of each curl;
You're perfectly welcome to whisper
 The sweetest of things—when *I'm* by
I'm content if you find your elysium
 In the light of her pretty blue eye.

You can't make *me* jealous, *cher* Phillip!
 There's no use in trying *that* game;
You might die of spontaneous combustion—
 'Twould be hard to put *me* in a flame!
So I think you had better consider;
 Don't be rash, but come back while you can,
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
 That you are a sensible man.

My position at present is trying;
 Poor Charlie but lives in my sight—
And that handsome, distinguished Lieutenant
 Was *very* attentive last night!
And Addie told Lou, in a whisper,
 She really preferred him to you.
Ah, Phillip, he's terribly handsome,
 And his eyes are so tenderly blue!

So you see how the matter stands, Phillip,
 'Tisn't Addie with whom you've to deal;
You can't work on me by your trifling—
 I can cleverly hide what I feel;
So if you're pretending, you'd better
 Be wise, and come back while you can;
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
 That you are a sensible man.

[*Variations in the shape of a shower of tears.*]

Come back if you love me, dear Phillip,
 I'm willing to own I was wrong!
I give up, for my spirit is broken—
 I'm missing you all the day long.
So Phillip, now, won't you consider,
 And decide to come back while you can?
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
 That you are a sensible man.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 15, 1863.

THE SITUATION.

THOUGH it is not certain that Meade may not at any time attack Lee, or Lee Meade, yet still the presumption is that active operations in the field have ceased for the present along the whole line. Grant has permitted a large number of his troops to go home on furlough. Rosecrans evidently means no further advance at present, and is devoting himself to the work of reconstruction in Tennessee. And there is very little reason to believe that in the present dog days, with matters as they are, either Meade or Lee would gain much by risking another battle. The prospect is that the month of August will be a month of inaction.

Every where except at Charleston. There, under a tropical sun, and upon the burning sands of sea-islands, a handful of gallant men, led by Gilmore, and ably seconded by our iron-clad navy, are slowly but surely undermining the rebel strong-hold—the nursery of treason. It is the story of Fort Henry, and Fort Donelson, and Fort Pulaski, and Vicksburg, and Port Hudson over again. Slow but sure approaches; desperate, unsuccessful assaults; a gradual accumulation of power in the shape of men and guns; a steady tightening of the grip round the rebel throat; a dogged Northern tenacity against which Southern fire burns itself out; and at last "unconditional surrender"—such has been the uniform history of all these sieges, and such, we doubt not, will be the history of the siege of Charleston. It is due to the Administration to say that they have never showed any tardiness, on these occasions, in strengthening the hands of the General in command. Troops were forwarded to Grant before Donelson, and again before Vicksburg, as fast as he could use them; Gilmore, at Pulaski, got all the guns he needed as fast as he could place them in position; and now we have reason to believe that the resources of the Government are being strained to the utmost to give him what he wants at Charleston. The capture of Fort Sumter will probably do as much for the science of artillery as that of Pulaski did.

In four or five weeks the other armies will move, and then the word will be, Ho for Mobile, Chattanooga, and Richmond! Now the centre of interest is Charleston.

THE ANGLO-PIRATES.

Mr. Richard Cobden, one of the few Englishmen who have not been struck blind by the prospect of securing the carrying trade of the world for British vessels, declared the other day in Parliament that Laird, the ship-builder, is about to launch two more ships of war for the rebels, and that if they got to sea successfully the United States would declare war on England.

We think Mr. Cobden is mistaken in supposing that we are going to war with England *at present*. The addition of two more vessels to the Anglo-Rebel fleet now afloat will not inflict much injury upon us. We have already suffered about as much as piracy can inflict. Our merchant navy has been practically driven from the seas. The insurance on goods shipped in American bottoms now averages 5 per cent.—a premium which effectually drives our ships out of the market. A large proportion of our finest vessels have been placed under the British flag, and of the remainder the bulk lie idle in port. There are still, of course, a good many American vessels afloat in one sea or other, and five pirates will probably destroy more of them than three could. But the additional risk and damage will not justify Mr. Lincoln in complicating his present embarrassments by a declaration of war against Great Britain. So far as the immediate present is concerned, John Bull can pursue the piratical business in which he is engaged without fear of any other punishment than the scorn and contempt of all honest men.

After we have accomplished the work we have in hand, and re-established the national authority over every foot of the national domain, we shall then seek a reckoning with England. And this is a kind of claim which does not lose by keeping, and is liable to be barred by no statute of limitations. Mr. Cobden was quite right in saying that the United States Government is keeping an exact account of the value of every American ship that is burned by the Anglo-Rebel pirates, with the fixed purpose of presenting the bill to the British Government in due time, and collecting payment thereof. If the present Government or its successor were disposed to neglect this duty, the people would remind them of it. Each separate report of the destruction of an American ship by the British pirates *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*; each account of the attentions bestowed upon the rebel officers, and the assistance afforded them by the Governors of British colonies; each malignant lie uttered in Parliament by members of the Government and their supporters; each sneaking quibble employed by Lord Palmerston to excuse the piratical ventures of his countrymen, sinks deep into the memory of every American, and will be treasured up till the day comes for retribution.

The experience of this war has proved that the restraints of municipal law are inadequate to control the mercenary impulses of Englishmen. The Neutrality Act, if carried out in England as it was in this country during the Russian war, would have prevented the departure of a single pirate from British waters. But as Mr. Under-Secretary Layard says, this would have crippled "a most useful and important branch of British industry," and hence all parties, from the ministers of the crown down to the Liverpool rabble, combined to defeat the object of the law and to render it a mere dead letter. We must have better security hereafter than a municipal law.

This war has also taught us the wisdom of the policy recommended by many of our leading men in 1812, when they urged upon the Government the necessity of seizing Bermuda and Nassau. These nests of pirates, peopled by the illegitimate offspring of buccaneers and mulattoes, are too near our shores to be under any other flag than our own. When the time comes for our Minister to present his little bill for the ships destroyed by British pirates, the title to these islands will also be placed in suit, and if war comes their fate will be quickly settled.

We have very little apprehension of war with Great Britain. If we put down the rebellion, and then, with a large army and a large fleet of iron-clads to support our claims, demand the indemnity to which we are entitled, and the material guarantees which our safety requires, in the shape of a cession of Nassau and Bermuda, and the independence of Canada, John Bull will bluster mightily, but he will yield at last. He never fights except for dollars. Greed of gain drove him into the piratical business, and greed of gain will make him eat dirt when we are able to lay our hand on his throat. Had he believed for a moment that the United States would succeed in this war, he would never have allowed a pirate to sail; when he finds that we have succeeded, he will be as humble as he is now arrogant; and with many declarations of his abiding regard for his good customers in the United States will pay his little bill with a grimace, inwardly groaning over his own stupidity at having formed so blundering a calculation of the future of the American War.

THE LOUNGER.

THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The Government of the United States, after sagacious deliberation and taught by events, has perfected a policy for the suppression of the rebellion which seeks its overthrow. That policy is war, with the use of all the measures that a state of war may render necessary. It makes war under the Constitution, which simply grants the power, leaving the method to the exigency of circumstances. The Constitution does not prescribe making war by an army or navy, by killing people or maiming them, by confiscation acts or emancipation of slaves. The Constitution authorizes the Government to make war, and the Government is to select the means at its discretion. But that there may be no doubt that every means whatever may be used in prosecution of war, the Constitution expressly declares that, when the public safety requires it, the writ of *habeas corpus*, the most sacred security of the most fundamental right, that of personal liberty, may be suspended.

In pursuance of this authority the Government has adopted and proclaimed its policy. It consists of war by sea and land; of measures of confiscation, conscription, and emancipation. It is a policy adopted after long reflection, after a universal public debate. Every part of the loyal country, through its orators, papers, public meetings, representatives, and senators, has discussed the question. The President, a singularly dispassionate man, straining patience almost beyond a virtue, conscious that to the strongest friends of the policy which seemed to him wisest and most necessary he must always seem slow and half-hearted, after holding the hands of his impetuous lieutenants, and delaying and pondering long, at last confirmed the policy which not only wages war most earnestly and effectively, but which also causes the war itself to destroy the root of the war.

This policy was matured and adopted in the full consciousness that it would not conciliate the rebels in arms, and would afford their friends in the loyal States a central point for their incoherent and furious declamation. The declaration of any policy whatever must have had the same effect. For so long as the war was not radical, so long as it was a matter of mere fighting in the field, the rebels could continue it until they saw that they were worsted, and then they could give it up, and reunite with their late political friends with whom they had chosen to quarrel, in order that they might have a chance to fight. If they found by experience that they could not yet destroy the Union and the Government by force, they would return and sap its foundations from within a little longer before striking another armed blow at it. We should have spent thousands of costly lives, millions of dollars, and have made the Government as expensive as a monarchy. Then the rebels would have said, "We return to our allegiance;" and Toombs, Slidell, Yancey, Mason, Wigfall, Hunter, and Davis, either in person or by proxy, would have returned to their old plotting, taught by experience that their Northern allies were truer to party than to country, and could therefore be used to good purpose; and taught further how to make their next blow surer.

The policy of the Government has entirely ruined this scheme. It is a policy which declares that some permanent and adequate blessing to the country shall be purchased by the great outlay for the war; that the precious lives of the noblest youth shall not be lost in vain; and that over their graves Davis and Company shall not step smilingly back to Washington to have another trial of craft when that of muscle shall have failed. It is a policy which exasperates the friends of the rebels at the North, so that they gnash their teeth with rage. It is a policy which leads them to play with fire. They nominate Vallandigham, an open rebel, but not armed, because he can better serve the rebellion without arms, for Governor of a loyal, free State. They smile at a fierce riot of the worst criminals, burning, pillaging, and massacring, as a "movement of the people," and a "great popular uprising." They hear with satisfaction that they can not conceal of the misfortune of their country, and refuse to the last to believe the victories of the national flag. It is a policy at which the rebels tremble, and which thoroughly unmasks their allies at the North.

Meanwhile, under this policy, the Government of the United States has its hand upon the throat of this rebellion, and foresees a future of peace and compensation for the war. The policy does not unite the North, indeed, and no policy could. Had another been adopted, the North would still have been divided. A timorous and superficial policy, while it might have propitiated desperate political partisans, who would have seen in the fear and weakness of the Government the promise of their own success, would have arrayed against that Government a party formidable for its intelligence, earnestness, and force. In making war upon the rebels the Government was obliged, therefore, to make its choice between two parties at the North. It must have relied either upon those who wished the rebellion absolutely and forever destroyed by every power of war, or upon those who wished to give the rebels a chance to do by intrigue what they might fail to achieve by force. The Government has made its choice. It has preferred Joseph Holt to Clement Vallandigham, and to free slaves rather than to return them. It has chosen to believe in its own majesty and resources, and in the great doctrine of human liberty which it was founded to illustrate and enlarge, and to believe in itself and in that principle as soberly, resolutely, and religiously as the rebellion believes in the annihilation of human rights, which it was established to obtain. The enemies of that Government, and therefore of the people, are rebels and Copperheads. What the Copperheads say the rebels applaud. What the rebels do the Copperheads cheer. The friends of that Government are all thoughtful, patriotic citizens, who wish that this war shall make any similar war impossible, and who, knowing what caused the war, are resolved that the cause shall cease to exist. If these citizens are, as we have no doubt, the vast majority of the people of this country, the Government will be saved and permanent peace established, although the process may be long. If, on the other hand, the Copperheads and rebels are most numerous and powerful, then, either by force of arms or by political combination, the Government, as made and interpreted by its framers, and understood by every true American to-day, will be overthrown, and another, although possibly called by the same name—a system of which the corner-stone is injustice, and not equal rights, will be precariously established upon its ruins.

TREATMENT OF CAPTURED COLORED SOLDIERS.

After the assault upon Fort Wagner there was the usual meeting of officers from both sides to negotiate for the care of the wounded and the exchange of prisoners. The Government officer said to the rebel agent that the officers and men of the colored regiments were to be treated like all others. The rebel agent replied that that was a question for the consideration of his superiors.

That may be, but it is no question for the Government of the United States. Not only do its articles of war provide for the case of foul play upon the part of the enemy, but its honor is inextricably associated with the enforcement of those articles; and the Government is bound to be especially alert in the case of these prisoners, because they are peculiarly exposed. It must take nothing for granted but the ill-faith of the rebels. Their spirit is sufficiently shown by the amusing indignation they express at our employment of colored soldiers, and the poor insult they intended for Colonel Shaw of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, in burying him under a score of his own men. Where else could he be so nobly and fitly buried? With those devoted soldiers of his and of the country, and for them and the country, he faced that storm of rebel fire, and died smiling. Where should he be buried but with them? On all the soil of South Carolina there is no spot so holy and prophetic as that grave. But the malice of the rebels is not less, and their spirit is apparent; and that the officers and soldiers of the colored regiments will be treated as honorable prisoners is a hopeless expectation.

We invited these men to fight for us. We did not give them an equal pay with other soldiers; we did not allot to them the offices of honor; we adjured them by a flag whose protection we doubtfully concede to them; we required, in a word, of these men, whom our prejudices have hitherto kept at every conceivable disadvantage, the qualities that only the proudest and most self-dependent people show, and we promised them but a very uncertain reward for all their fighting. Yet there is not a man who has dispassionately studied the subject, who does not know that for many a year we must maintain a colored army, and that that very fact furnishes a solution of some of the most perplexing questions of the war. The experiment has begun. The discipline, endurance, and fiery heroism of these troops are already established. The charge of the Second Louisiana at Port Hudson, and of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts at Fort Wagner, are magnificent for their steadiness, impetuosity, and dauntless courage. Were we as single-hearted as these soldiers our difficulties would disappear.

Now then is the time to show every colored man in the land whether we are in earnest, or whether he would be simply a fool to fight for a flag which does not protect him. How can a solitary man of that race, except the few sublimely heroic, enlist, until he knows the fate of his brethren captured at Wagner? Or how can we ask any man whatsoever to imperil his life for us, without promising him equal fair play with every other? The Government can not evade the question. Already the rebel journals declare that if the colored prisoners are treated as prisoners of war, the rebellion may be as well abandoned at once. And the rebel Congress have long since doomed every officer of our colored regiments to the gallows, and every soldier to the slave pen.

It will, of course, be difficult for the Government to ascertain the fate of these unfortunate men. But it should not suffer itself to be cozened by the rebels. It should at once demand from the rebel ringleaders an explicit guarantee of the same treatment that all our soldiers in their hands receive, and the rebels should be apprised that an instant answer must be made. After due delay, if the Government should find that the natural suspicion of foul play is correct, then if its retaliation is not swift, sure, and deadly, if the rebels are not taught, as by fire, that every man who fights beneath the national flag is equally protected by the people whose sovereignty that flag symbolizes, we are simply unworthy of success.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

The incessant rebuffs which the rebels administer to their allies at the North do not disconcert that amiable body. The truth is that they are used to it. In the good old days when the present Southern traitors ruled the Government they snubbed imperiously their followers from the free States, and now that they are trying to ruin it, by the mere force of habit they kick contemptuously their henchmen of the North.

Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire—a name which is even more infamous in our history than that of James Buchanan, a man who was selected by the present traitors before the consummation of their treason, as the most servile of all their tools in the free States, and therefore the most serviceable, and who steadfastly did their dirtiest work without making a single wry face as Buchanan did—desecrated the late Fourth of July by making a speech in which he abused the Administration and all loyal citizens, excused and justified the rebellion, and threatened a counter-revolution. Of course he said that his heart's desire was Union with the dominance of slavery, and talked of reconstruction by pacific methods.

But his quondam masters are appalled at the impudence of their Helot. "What! when we have declared our will to secede and form an independent government, and, in general, to have our own way as usual, do you pretend to contest our decision and talk of reunion and reconstruction? Know your place, fellow! Didn't we tell Vallandigham that we would trade with him, holding our noses? Well, we tell you that we would sooner be chained to a corpse than again enter the Union with you and the rest of the rubbish that we used as long as we found it serviceable, but which we always as heartily despised as we do at this moment. Crawl out of our sight, and let us hear no more Union canting from you!"

But the patient crew take the snubbing and the sneering philosophically. They believe that by-and-by even rebels will make the best terms they can. They can not persuade themselves that the rebellion is other than a political trick. "Come back, brethren," they cry, "and have your way as you always did, and always shall, and always ought to. Come back, and see in what a still fouler slime of obsequiousness we can wallow. Just try us. And we will wait until you are ready, as is our duty."

The door mat cries to the passenger to come in out of the mud. But he pushes on unheeding. The faithful mat does not despair. When the mud is deeper, it says to itself, he will be obliged to come in, and then he will wipe his boots on me, and I shall be happy.

A PLAIN ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION.

After maligning the Administration and sneering at every measure adopted to suppress the rebellion—after declaring that Mr. Lincoln is as much a traitor to his country and the Constitution as Jeff Davis—after doing their utmost to destroy public confidence in the honest and patriotic conduct of the war—after espousing with fierce ardor the cause of every rebel sympathizer and abettor in the North—after declaring that there is more respect for personal rights under the sway of the rebellion than under the Government of the United States—after denouncing the war as wicked and fratricidal, and frankly declaring that they are striving to restore a party, assuming to be the Democratic party, to power—after doing all that Davis himself would have done, and exactly in the way that he would direct, the Copperheads turn upon loyal citizens of the United States and with an air of injured dignity demand to know whether there is any question about *their* loyalty.

None at all. No man at the North or South has any doubt upon the subject. "Virtue, Sir," cried a woman of the town to a gentleman who had made some remarks in her hearing, "do you mean to insinuate that there is the least doubt of *my* virtue?"

"Not the least, Madame," was his satisfactory reply.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By way of exposing the grinding and hopeless nature of the "Lincoln Despotism" our Copperhead friends are fond of extolling the superior freedom of the rebel society. It seems at first sight a little strange that people who in profound peace never hesitated to destroy every vestige of the Constitutional right of free speech should in time of desperate war absolutely secure it. It is also singular, at the first blush, that a community in which street fights and amateur assassinations were familiar in quiet times should during war be so composed as to challenge the admiration of the victims of the "Despotism at Washington."

The amusing absurdity of this effort to help Jeff Davis and the gentry who have combined against this Government, is exposed by the book of Colonel Estvan, an ex-officer of the rebel army. "A fearful state of things now grew up in Richmond," he says. "Assassination and murder were the order of the day." "An imprudent word heard by one of the secret police agents, who were always spying about to get men into their clutches, was sufficient to bring the speaker before the Provost Marshal and from thence to prison." "Many an honest citizen in this fearful time offered up a heart-felt prayer to Heaven, 'Preserve me, O Lord, from my friends, for I have no fear of the enemy.'"

Colonel Estvan, a rebel officer, had the advantage of seeing things as they were, and he tells us how they were. Copperhead friends merely tell us not what is true, but what they would like to have us believe, in order that the rebellion may seem less tyrannical and revolting than it is.

HOW TO DO IT.

The key of the present political situation is the fear of certain partisan leaders lest the Union should not be restored until slavery is practically abolished. They are therefore for dulcet words and velvet measures, in order that the rebels may lay down their arms in a gush of fraternal emotion, and that they may count upon the united vote of the rebel States for them and their measures. Shorn of their Southern alliance, and deserted by the patriotic in their Northern ranks, how could these leaders hope to succeed before the people? They insist, therefore, for it is their only salvation, that the President shall invite the rebel States to return to their duty; and they further insist that the Government, in other words, the loyal people of the United States, can offer no terms other than the Constitution and the laws. We have recently seen this statement, almost in the same words, in several papers which are very anxious that the Union shall be saved, provided that slavery is saved also.

They may be very tranquil. The Government of the United States will offer the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance of it to every rebel in the land. And the rebel and the rebel's friends should endeavor to remember that as the war was constitutionally waged to subdue rebellion, so every measure which the exigency of war demanded was not less constitutional, the Government being constitutionally and of necessity the judge of the exigency, and that, in the course of the war and under the Constitution, slavery has been abolished in most of the States. The Constitution and the laws in pursuance of it, which are offered to the rebels, therefore, include the act of emancipation as much as they include the three-fifths representation or the revenue law.

Thus when the friends of the rebels say that nothing can be offered as terms but the Constitution, they are correct if they remember two things—first, that all acts in pursuance of the Constitution are part of the supreme law, to be reversed only as all laws are; and, secondly, that the loyal people of the United States, owning the whole territorial domain of the country, will secure their future peace and the safety of their Government by such measures as they choose. The Government which they will not have allowed a fierce rebellion to overthrow they are not very likely to suffer a political juggle to undermine. General Pemberton and his thirty thousand men late of Vicksburg, and General Gardner and six thousand, late of Port Hudson, for instance, are not very likely to be admitted by a nation in its senses to an equal vote with loyal citizens until those gentlemen have given some proof that they are not as much the enemies of the Government to-day as they were yesterday.

The value of a mere oath they have already taught us. Lee was a cavalry Colonel in our service; Joe Johnston was Quarter-master-General; Sidney Johnston was also a Colonel. If any honorable obligation could bind them, it might be supposed that the flag of their country was its symbol. We have been appallingly undeceived. Could there be any more stringent oath than that of Davis, Slidell, and Mason, sworn legislators, Heaven save the mark! of this country? Have they not taught us the value of that oath? Would Floyd's promise to-morrow to be a faithful citizen be more sacred than his oath before God to the Government six years ago? Judicious Copperheads will see that Toombs has given us no reason to suppose that he will be a good boy because he says so. He may insist that he loves his Uncle Samuel very much. But, under the circumstances, his uncle is too sensible a man not to ask, as when the preacher asks how many dollars we pity the poor, "Robert, how much do you love me?"

CIVET WANTED.

The rebels on Morris Island complain that they had to fight colored soldiers. These whippers of women and breeders of babies for market, who call themselves "gentlemen," think themselves dishonored by fighting with honest men who earn their own living and who do *not* sell their children. Of course the Government of the United States will not hesitate to recall all its colored soldiers. Of course it is strictly unconstitutional to shoot rebels with rifles held by any other than lily-white hands. Of course "Conservatism" will have to move in the matter, and protest that our erring brethren, the "gentlemen" of South Carolina or of Texas and Arkansas, shall not be so sadly annoyed. An ounce of civet, good apothecary! These preux chevaliers do not find it distasteful to beget mulatto children, but to be exposed to a musket in the hands of a colored man, 'tis positively shocking to their delicate nerves.

"ROMOLA."

We have before mentioned this noble story while it was serially appearing in *Harper's Magazine*. It is now issued in a volume, and every reader of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" will be surprised by the new power developed by the author. To call "Romola" the finest historical novel yet written may seem a rather vague and general praise; but the reason why we should hesitate to do so is not that we have any doubt of it, but that to praise it merely as a historical novel seems to undervalue its remarkable creative power. Tito Melema and Romola, the hero and heroine, are drawn with so subtle and earnest a hand, and the coloring of the whole book is so gorgeous and sombre, that it is a spell from which the imagination is not easily released. Every page is a witness of the faithful study and careful thought with which the work has been prepared; and the claims of Miss Evans to the first rank among English novelists are now established beyond question.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The following Major-Generals are without commands:

1. Major-General George B. M'Clellan.
2. Major-General John C. Frémont.
3. Major-General Benjamin F. Butler.
4. Major-General Joseph Hooker.
5. Major-General David Hunter.
6. Major-General Don Carlos Buell.
7. Major-General Irwin M'Dowell.
8. Major-General John A. M'Clernand.
9. Major-General Samuel B. Curtis.
10. Major-General George W. Morell.
11. Major-General R. H. Milroy.

The Rev. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, the pioneer commander of a negro regiment in this war, reached that city on a brief furlough on 20th ult.

A picnic and ball were given on Saturday last by Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham and staff, at the cavalry head-quarters at Washington. Invitations were accepted by most of the prominent officials, civil and military. It was an elegant entertainment.

The United States gun-boat *Mahaska* left this port on 31st ult. for the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. She is commanded by Captain Crayton, U. S. N.

Brigadier-General Duffie has been assigned to the Department of the West. He will at once proceed to Ohio, and take command of all the cavalry in that Department. Captain E. C. Burling, of Brooklyn, and Captain R. E. Hadden, of Ohio, accompany him—the former as Assistant Adjutant-General, and the latter as Aid-de-Camp.

Captain Dahlgren, formerly of General Hooker's Staff, who was wounded at Hagerstown, has had his foot amputated, and was on 30th ult. very low. He has since improved somewhat.

General Hooker was making calls in Washington on 30th ult. He is said to be about to take a command.

General Stoneman will be Chief of the Cavalry Bureau about to be organized in the War Department. His appointment insures thorough organization and the future efficiency of the cavalry service.

Brigadier-General Griffin, who has commanded the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps for several months past, has resigned for some cause not stated. As Captain of the battery which bears his name, General Griffin did excellent service in the first battle of Bull Run, but he was not appointed Brigadier-General until just before the battle of Mechanicsville, on the Peninsula. He assumed the command which he has just resigned a short time before the first battle of Fredericksburg.

Adjutant-General L. Thomas has been relieved from duty on the Army-Retiring Board in New York, and Inspector-General D. B. Sackett detailed in his stead.

Commander Henry A. Wise has been appointed by the President Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department *ad interim*.

Adjutant-General Thomas has left for the West, to organize more negro regiments. He will proceed directly to Memphis, and from that point to New Orleans, organizing regiments all along the River. He will be gone three or four months, and has the same full powers as before. Mr. J. A. Ware, late editor of the *Chronicle*, accompanies him as Private Secretary.

In the list of dismissals from the military service for the week ending Saturday last, as officially announced, are the following:

Major Granville O. Haller, Seventh United States infantry, for disloyal conduct and the utterance of disloyal sentiments.

Captain H. P. Murrell, Eleventh New York heavy artillery, for repeated utterances of treasonable and disloyal sentiments.

Captain William H. Burke, Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers, for treasonable language and disloyalty.

Lieutenant M. B. De Silva, Sixteenth Ohio Volunteers, for writing and publishing a highly disloyal and unbecoming letter.

Captain George F. Emmons has been detached from the command of the *Monongahela* and ordered as fleet captain of the South Atlantic blockading squadron.

Commander J. H. Strong has been ordered to the command of the *Monongahela*.

The iron-clad *Onondaga* was launched from Rowland's ship-yard, Greenpoint, on Wednesday morning. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the ceremony. In the displacement of the blocks James Conwell and Wm. Hogan were jammed between the ways and seriously injured; two other workmen were slightly injured. Excepting these accidents the launch was all that could be desired.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis O. Wyse, Fourth United States Artillery, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted.

Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Hardie has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, in place of Brigadier-General Canby, ordered to New York.

The United States gun-boat *Memphis* sailed from Hampton Roads on the 29th, for Charleston.

The United States steam-sloop *Ossipee* captured on the 20th of July the *James Battle* and *Wm. Bagley*, loaded with cotton, blockade-runners, from Mobile. The United States steamer *Sciota*, off the coast of Texas, on the 7th ult. chased two small vessels, both of which ran ashore and were burned by our men, there being no means of saving them. Their cargoes consisted of cotton.

It is understood that the Court-martial of which Major-General Hitchcock was President, in the case of Hazell B. Cashell, charged with furnishing information to the enemy, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." As the finding of the court was not considered to be in accordance with the testimony and facts, the War Department issued an order dissolving the court and severely censuring its members.

A grand artillery review of the different batteries stationed at Camp Barry, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Monroe, took place last week, on the parade-ground north of the Capitol. Generals Heintzelman and Barry, Chief of Artillery, with their staffs, were present. Every thing passed off satisfactorily, with the exception of an accident by which two men were thrown off a caisson and seriously injured.

Captain Frank A. Guthrie, Co. E, Third Pennsylvania, has been cashiered for cowardice.

A large concourse of citizens and soldiers on Saturday united in paying the last tribute of respect to the remains of the late Brigadier-General George C. Strong, who died from wounds received in the assault upon Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, on the 18th ult. The funeral took place from St. Paul's Methodist Church, Fourth Avenue, the Rev. Dr. Durbin delivering an eloquent address upon the life and character of the deceased. A large procession followed the body to Greenwood Cemetery, where the remains of the gallant soldier were interred with military honors.

Lieutenant Robert Stuart, Second New York cavalry, was accidentally drowned on 30th ult., while officer of the day of the Second cavalry brigade, of General Gregg's division. He was a very fine officer, and much beloved by all his brother officers. He was from Roslyn, Long Island, and a brother of Hon. David Stuart, of Illinois, formerly a member of Congress from Michigan and now a Colonel commanding a brigade with General Grant. Captain Downing, of his company, left on 31st with his body, which was embalmed by Brown & Alexander, of Washington, and forwarded to New York. He will be buried in Detroit.

Captain H. A. Wise, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, Navy Department, has left Washington for the North, to procure guns and ammunition to complete the siege of Charleston.

Theodore E. Allen, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, with the rank of Captain, and assigned to duty at General Meade's head-quarters. His predecessor, Captain Coxe, is made Assistant Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

The official report of General Grant's operations at Vicksburg reached Washington last week. It is said to be one of the most interesting reports ever made to the head-quarters of the army.

Lieutenant Moreau Forrest, United States Navy, has been detached from the *Paul Jones*, and appointed by Admiral Dahlgren Flag-Lieutenant of the South Atlantic blockading squadron.

Acting-Master John O. Ormond has been dismissed from the navy.

Lieutenants Nolan and Wilson, the former of the Sixth and the latter of the Fifth United States cavalry, were wounded in General Buford's fight at Culpepper on Saturday.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

Richmond papers have Charleston dispatches to the 31st ult. Cumming's Point was bombarded on the 30th for about five hours by the *Ironsides* and two Monitors. Batteries Gregg, Simpkins, Wagner, and Fort Sumter replied. Two men were killed and one wounded in Battery Gregg. On the next morning at daylight the rebels began to bombard the Union works on Morris Island; Fort Wagner kept up the fire until 2 o'clock. No report of casualties.

GENERAL GILMORE'S LOSSES.

General Gilmore reports his loss in the action on Morris Island on the 10th, 11th, and 18th of July, at 635 killed and wounded. He estimates the missing at 350, making a total loss of 985.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Memphis dispatches of the 29th of July state that General Joe Johnston's army is said to be on Pearl River, a few miles west of Meridian, where fortifications are being erected. General Johnston will make the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, from Okolona on the north to Mobile on the south, his line of defense. He is said to have received large reinforcements from Bragg's army. Mississippi is virtually abandoned by the rebels. The removal of the slaves from Mississippi to Alabama and Georgia has been carried to such an extent that the Governors of those States have issued proclamations forbidding their further introduction, and General Johnston's pickets are said to have turned a large number back. All is quiet at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. The fortifications at the former place are being strengthened, and the enlistment of negro troops is progressing rapidly.

FIGHT NEAR CULPEPPER.

A reconnoissance made by General Buford with his cavalry command across the Rappahannock on Saturday, confirms the report of the concentration of Lee's forces near Culpepper. Our men crossed at the Railroad Station, and driving Stuart's cavalry before them, advanced to the vicinity of Culpepper, where a heavy rebel force was encountered. A fierce fight ensued, which lasted until dark, when General Buford withdrew to a strong position east of Brandy Station. The losses on both sides were considerable.

DISAFFECTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Disaffection with Davis and his Confederacy in North Carolina is growing rapidly. The Raleigh *Standard* denounces Davis as a repudiator in whom no confidence can be placed, and predicts the failure of his attempt to set up a government. The Richmond *Inquirer*, edited by that sweet specimen of an Irishman John Mitchell, clamors for the suppression of the Raleigh paper and of the North Carolina Supreme Court. The latter defies the Richmond power, and says that Governor Vance will stand by the Court and the paper also, and meet force with force. The *Standard* denounces the would-be nigger-whipper Mitchell as an agent of Great Britain seeking to divide this country. North Carolina has furnished 95,000 men for the rebel armies, of whom 40,000 have been killed and wounded. The Raleigh editor says the State should send to Washington at once to learn what terms of reconciliation can be made.

RETALIATION.

The Government gives notice that the law of retaliation is to be fully carried out. Every case of ill-treatment of our officers or men, black or white, by the rebels, is to be retaliated in kind—hanging for hanging, shooting for shooting, imprisonment for imprisonment. If a black soldier is taken prisoner and sold into slavery, a rebel soldier will be confined at hard labor in some prison, there to remain until the black soldier shall be liberated.

KENTUCKY UNDER MARTIAL LAW

General Burnside, having become satisfied that one object of the rebel incursion into that State is to overawe the Judges of Elections, and intimidate loyal voters—thus forcing the election of disloyal candidates, at the election to take place to-day—has declared the State under martial law. All military officers are commanded to aid the constituted authorities of the State in the support of the laws and the purity of suffrage, and the Election Judges will be held strictly responsible. The election appears to have been a great Union victory.

DEATH OF YANCEY.

Richmond papers announce the death of Wm. L. Yancey, one of the first and fiercest leaders of secession. He was born in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1815, but made Alabama his home. In 1859 he urged the Legislature of Alabama to call a State Convention in case a Republican President should be elected. In 1860 he was a member of the Charleston Convention, and was among the earliest of the seceding delegates. Then he went in for Breckinridge, and came even to New York, where he spoke in favor of a coalition of all factions to beat Lincoln. In December he was a leading spirit in the Alabama Convention and reported the ordinance of secession. He was then sent as Commissioner of the Confederacy to Europe to plead for help, but returned in February, 1862, safely running the blockade, and took his seat as a Senator in the Confederate Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEUTRALITY LAW.

The House of Commons has had another important debate on the foreign Enlistment Act. Mr. Cobden implored the Government to put a stop to the fitting out of privateers, as the American Government would in due time demand an indemnification from England for every vessel which these privateers had destroyed or would destroy. Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston defended the conduct of the English Government. Mr. Cobden did not obtain permission to read a letter from Secretary Welles, who, in reply to a statement of Mr. Laird's that he had received an offer in 1861 to build vessels for the Federals, denied that directly or indirectly any application had been made to Mr. Laird by his order, and that he had always declined the numerous applications of English and other foreign ship-builders.

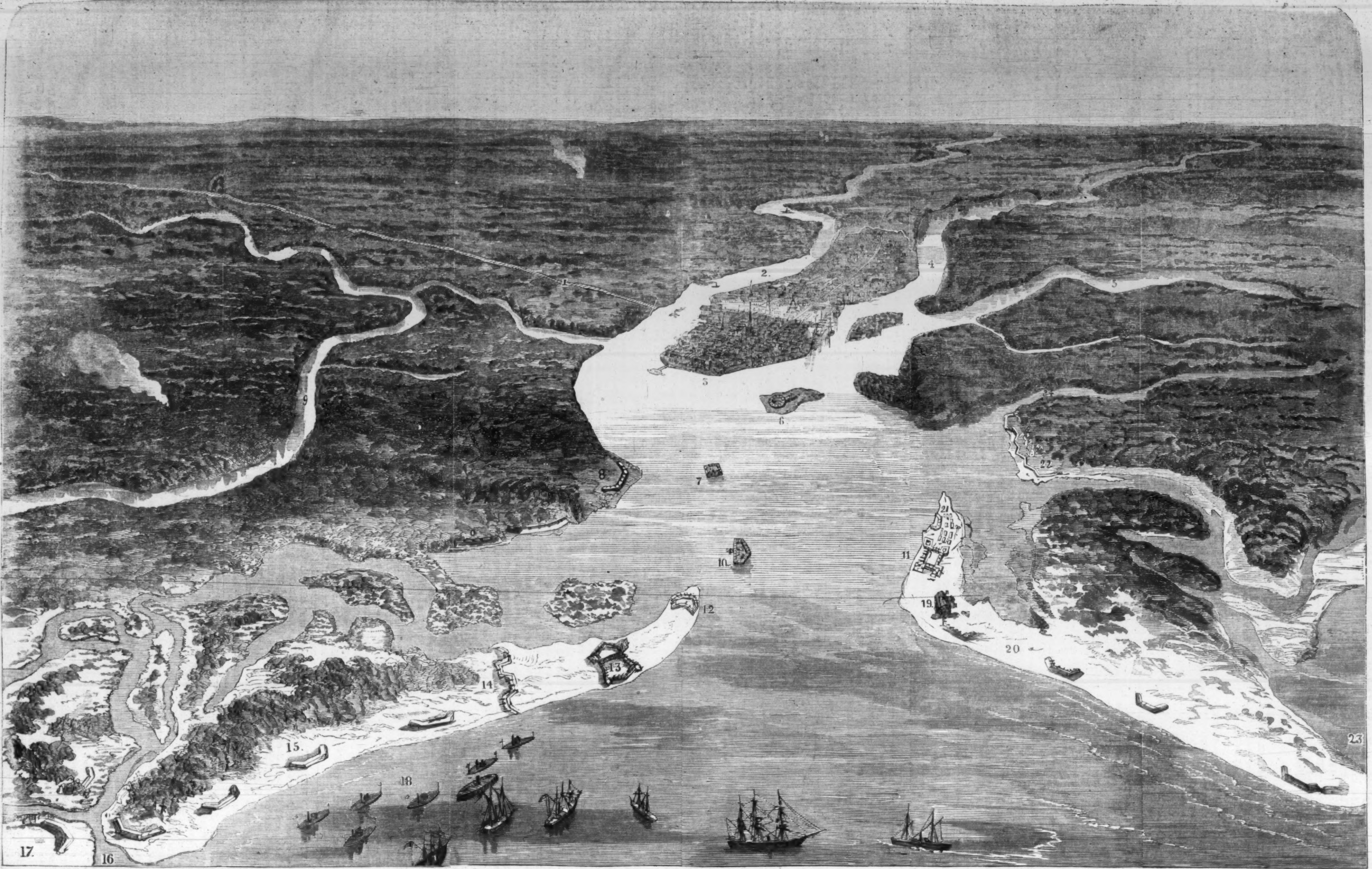
THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Great preparations are being made for laying the Atlantic cable. Very advantageous conditions for manufacturing the cable have been offered to the Company by Glass, Elliott, & Co., who show the greatest confidence in the success of the enterprise.

RUSSIA.

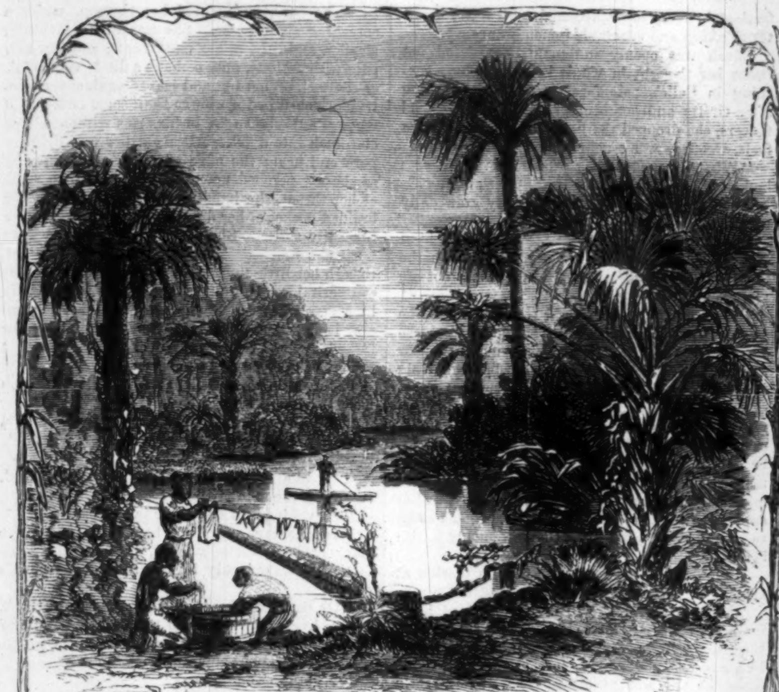
THE POLISH QUESTION.

A great irritation exists in England, France, and Austria against Russia, in consequence of the last Russian note, and the tone of the semi-official papers is very warlike. The negotiations between the three Western Powers are very active.

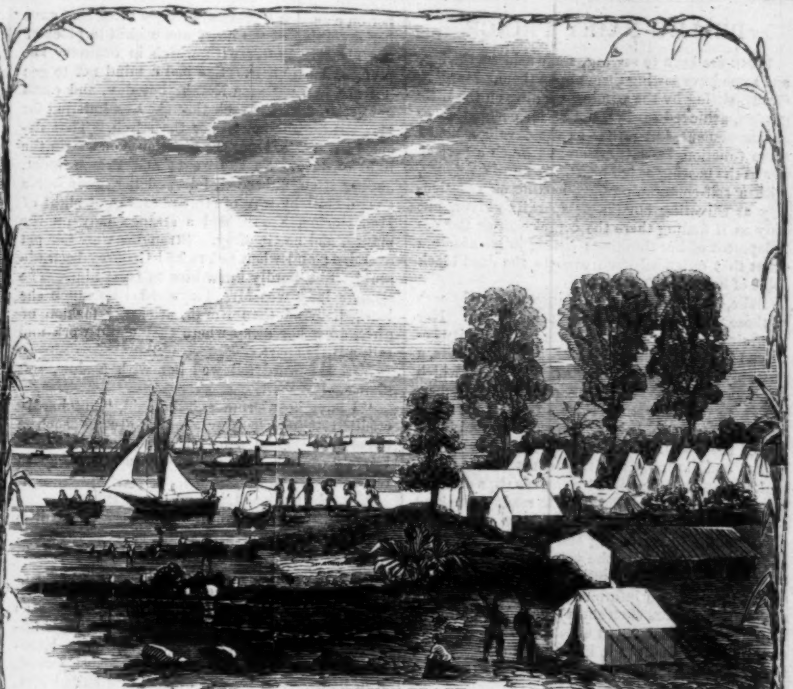


1. Charleston and Savannah Railroad.—2. Ashley River.—3. Charleston.—4. Cooper River.—5. Wando River.—6. Castle Pinckney.—7. Fort Ripley.—8. Fort Johnson (James Island).—9. Stono River.—10. Fort Sumter.—11. Fort Moultrie.—12. Battery Gregg (Cumming's Point).—13. Fort Wagner.—14. General Gilmore's Advanced Batteries.—15. Captured Works (Morris Island).—16. Light-house Inlet.—17. Union Battery (Folly Island).—18. Iron-clads and Wooden Ships.—19. Hotel.—20. Sullivan's Island and Rebel Batteries.—21. Moultrieville.—22. Mount Pleasant.—23. Breach Inlet.—24. Shem Creek.—0, 0. Rebel Batteries on James Island.

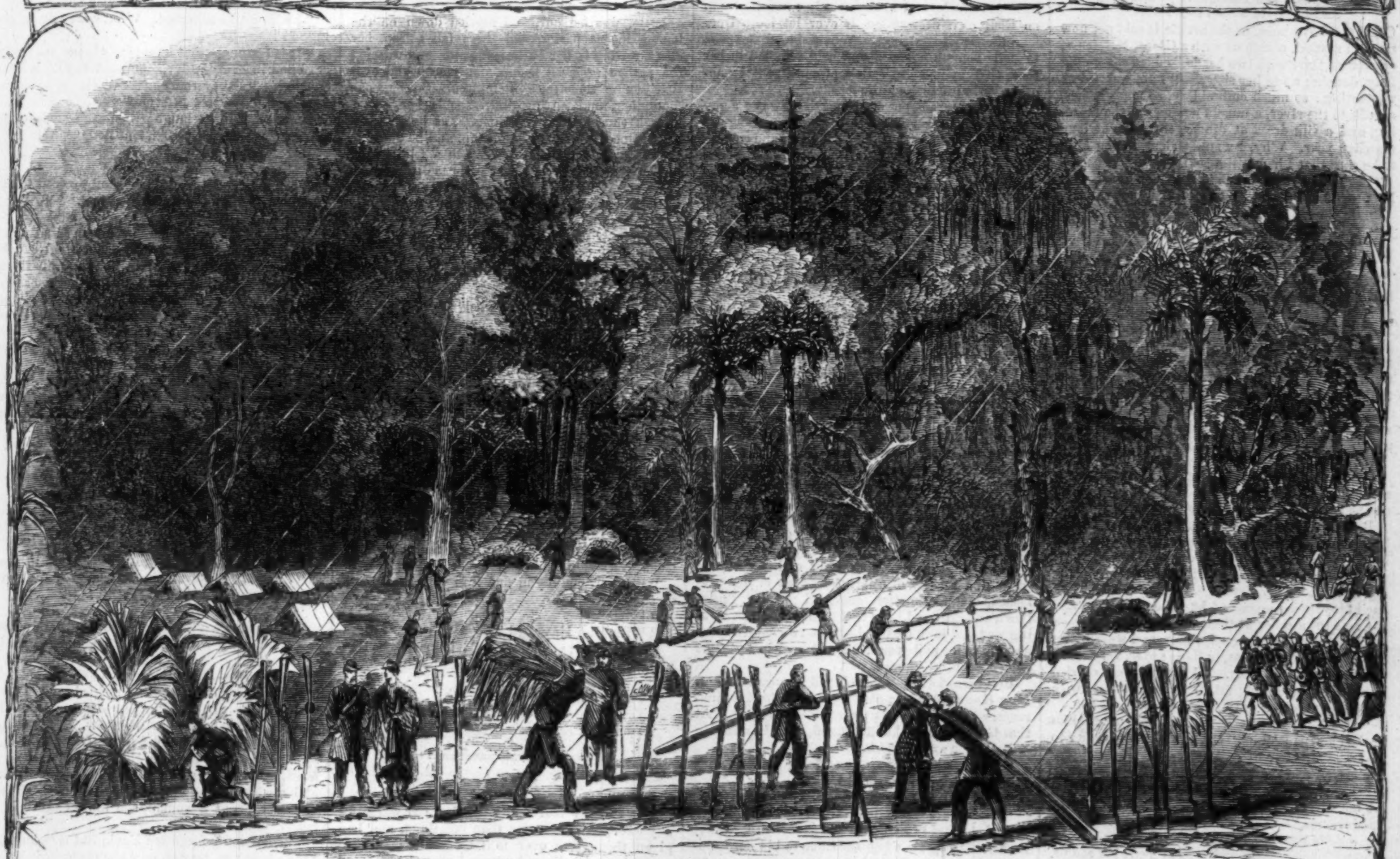
BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND ITS ENVIRONS, SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL GILMORE'S OPERATIONS.—[See Page 519.]



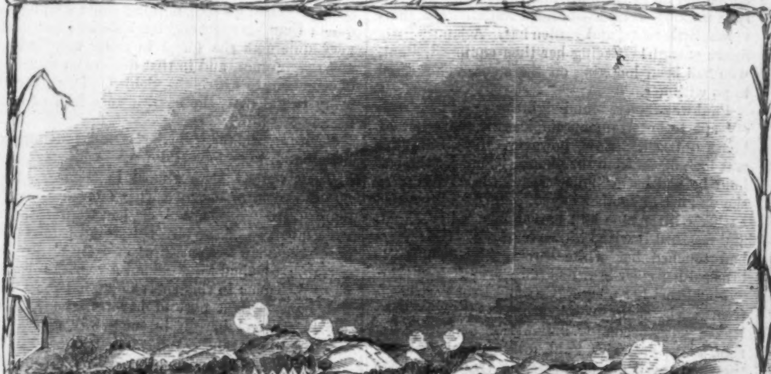
LAGOON ON SEABROOK ISLAND.



LANDING-PLACE.



OUR BIVOUAC ON SEABROOK ISLAND.



REBEL BATTERIES ON MORRIS ISLAND

KIAWHA AND SEABROOK ISLANDS.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH CAROLINA—SCENES ON THE SEA-ISLANDS, NEAR CHARLESTON.—[See Page 519.]

BELLE'S FAIRY PRINCE.

Some are born to sewing, some achieve sewing, and some have sewing thrust upon them. Margery Grant, sitting by the window opening on the little garden, achieved sewing, not as an occupation or an amusement, but rather as the development of some function, as natural and as much a part of her as the beating of her heart. A nun-like figure, with a self-communing face, looking off occasionally at shivering boughs or sparkling river, but only as if finding there the completion or the development of her thinking: sitting in an absolute quiet that extended itself even to the dead black folds of her widow's weeds.

Belle, younger sister of Margery, clearly was of those who have sewing thrust upon them. Her very air of solemn and conscientious incapacity betrayed her. She showed a bird-like restlessness, a butterfly impatience, under the linen yoke on which she was working. She took occasional stitches, with long pauses between them, in which she made solemn pretenses of holding her work up and judging of the effect. Then she quarreled with the cotton, and plunging into the depths of her work-basket, was there beguiled by various slips of newspaper which she felt it her duty to read. She kept a watchful eye on the road, and if so much as a bird chanced to run along the fence she spied it. Presently she shook off the yoke altogether, measured it with her finger, and cheated (there was just an eighth, and she informed herself that she had accomplished three sixteenths), folded it, bestowed it in her work-basket, cut off a rose-bud peering in at the window and put it in her bosom, went over to the piano, struck a few notes, took up an open book lying there, and read out,

"'Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated Fairy Prince.'

Or, if you have none, as the article is said not now to be in market, oblige us with a Giant, Messieurs, or even an Ogre with two heads," added the young lady, dancing up to her sister. "I am wearied of vegetating: so much embroidery, so many pages, a walk to the river, a muslin wrapper in the morning, and a silk dress at dinner, through the long crawling year. Why, I would welcome even Pain to be sure that I had still a soul."

"You may welcome Pain, but you must wait long to bid it farewell," returned Margery, calmly.

Belle started and looked about her:

"Margery, where is May?"

"In the hall or on the piazza."

"No, I have not seen her there for an hour."

Margery put down her work hastily. May was her only child—her three-year-old darling. Belle ran down the walk to the gate, calling, "May! May!" The call rang out loudly in the still summer air, but Belle heard no lisping voice in answer, and caught nowhere a glimpse of a white frock and little toddling feet. Margery came down to the gate after her.

"Do you see her? I have searched the house, and she is not there. The child is surely strayed away. My poor lost lamb!"

Belle kissed her sister.

"No need fretting yet, Margery. She may have run up the hill. Do you see while I look for her on the road. She can not have gotten far."

But all the while her heart was sinking within her, for only a few yards hence was the river, and Margery was a widow, and lived only in her child.

"I prayed for pain," she thought; "but let it not be that of my sister's, O merciful God! If such prayers are answered let it be mine!"

Came toward her at that moment a stranger—a gentleman with close, curled hair, and wearing an eye-glass, that gave him, in Belle's eyes, very much the air of a grandfather. This gentleman carried in his arms something fat, white, and sweet, with little shoes, golden curls, and blue sash ribbon.

"May!" cried out Belle, running up to him flushed and panting. "Oh, Sir, please give her to me! That is our baby."

Geoffrey Horton looked down smiling.

"I am very glad to have found you. Will you let me carry her for you? You see we are very good friends."

So Belle met her fairy prince: a grave gentleman with eye-glasses, and several years her senior, whose visits she received very much as she did air or sunlight, or any other comfortable thing, and about whom she occasionally jested with Margery, who had kissed his hands on the day that he brought her back her child. Margery always received such jesting calmly.

"Laugh as you like, Belle. He is a man. There are not too many in this odd world."

A year went on. Mrs. Horton, Geoffrey's mother, and Norah, her daughter, at Geoffrey's request had called on Margery, and from that, coming to know and like each other, they had fallen into various pleasant neighborly ways. Geoffrey's house stood next theirs, standing a little back, and uplifted on a hill; and on summer mornings Belle had a fashion of tripping up the shaded path to read with Norah, or Norah brought her work and lunched with Belle and Margery; or Mrs. Horton came in, and gossiped solemnly with Margery, who seldom visited. Then as the summer went on, Margery grew into a fondness for putting May to bed herself; and when she had lisped out her prayers, would nestle down beside her on the pillows, and kiss and cuddle her till she fell off into sleep, and then lie watching the black eyelashes, and the dimpled hands, and perfect peace of mouth and brow all through the short evening, leaving Belle very much to herself.

At such times Belle passed the evening at the Hill, and Geoffrey came with her back to the gate; and it was noticeable that, at twilight, Belle got a way of rolling her hair afresh, and fastening a fuschia in the heavy coils at the back, or a little knot of bright ribbon at her collar. Margery saw it, and smiled to herself.

One evening, when the summer was half over, standing before her glass, and knotting a fleecy thing called a "twilight" under her chin, seized her on a sudden a presentiment—a thing that gave her a sinking of the heart and a chill in place of the pleasant flutter with which in ordinary she prefaced such visits. She had a mind not to go; but she had not seen Norah that day, and could not get on with the sack that she was knitting for May till Norah showed her the stitch. That decided the matter; put the question, you see, in the light of duty. So she went; and Presentiment, finding itself unheeded, followed her, gave her a second chill, by way of remembrancer, at sight of Mrs. Horton, Norah, and a strange lady on the piazza, and no Geoffrey. Strangers were her pet aversion; and when before had Geoffrey been absent? She hardly knew how to trust him. The strange lady was Mrs. Hayward. So much she learned. And then Norah, after the fashion of girls, drew her away where they could work and talk a little apart.

Mrs. Hayward followed her with a slow, soft glance.

"I have heard rumors," she said, "but hardly credited them, Geoffrey seemed always such a hopeless bachelor. She is truly lovely, however. I can't wonder that we never saw Geoffrey in town."

Mrs. Horton was taken off her guard.

"Geoffrey! Oh, you mistake—quite. This is Norah's friend, a very nice girl, sister of a widow, our neighbor. Nice people—the nicest people in the world."

So Mrs. Hayward knew that, let Geoffrey think what he would, Geoffrey's mother by no means regarded the nicest girl in the world as eligible. That lady, meanwhile, was ruminant, laboring with an idea, in fact. Sly Mrs. Hayward, who had learned all she wished, and baited Mrs. Horton at the same time. Belle was pretty, and men were fools, and always ready to rush plump on their own destruction, if ever let loose from feminine leading-strings. When she next spoke to Belle something hard and cold sounded in her tone, that helped on Belle's presentiment to another little lumpish chill.

Horse hoofs rang out on the carriage-way; a gay voice—a woman's voice, and a sweet one—rang out under the old trees that lined the road, and coming out from their shade, Belle saw, in the doubtful light, a slender figure sitting easily in the saddle, a perfectly poised head, a dark sparkling face, half hidden by the brim of her hat and its drooping plume, and—Geoffrey Horton.

"There!" quoth Presentiment, "I told you so."

"That is Gretta Hayward," said Norah, very low—and, Belle, I think Geoffrey is *épris*. She is one of those pleasant people who are so exceedingly civil, and always make you feel snubbed. She isn't pretty, and always looks better than any one else. She has no heart, but plenty of brains. Fancy having a patent damper and perpetual extinguisher for a sister-in-law."

Belle gave Norah's hand a little squeeze, and pretended not to see the outstretched hand of Geoffrey. This was surely unreasonable. She had never even asked herself what Geoffrey's presence or absence meant, and behold her now burning with a sudden sense of injury! Gretta eyed her curiously, and Belle, feeling the scrutiny, returned it steadily. The sparkling face was not handsome on inspection, but it was glowing, changing, forever taking you by surprise. The pout of her crimson lip, the deepening light of her eyes, the surge and retreat of color, the sweep of her eyelashes, manner, motion, look, all puzzled, tantalized, and charmed. In that moment's silent looking war had been declared—those two natures were antagonistic, and would have flamed into dislike even on neutral ground.

Bell turned away to Norah and her work-basket. Miss Hayward swept past them into the drawing-room, where they presently heard her singing. At that Geoffrey, who had hesitated, went in also.

Belle put up her work.

"I have a headache. I am going home."

Norah looked up surprised.

"Oh! but wait for Geoffrey."

"Why, there is no danger. Good-night."

And she and Presentiment went down the hill together. Margery, when she came to bid her good-night, looked keenly at her.

"Child, you are wan. What ails you?"

"I have a headache, and I was vexed because I went to-night. There were some stupid people there, the Haywards, I think, and you know I abhor strangers."

Margery was a wise woman and held her peace, but she opened her eyes.

In the morning Geoffrey rode past with Gretta Hayward. Her mother, Mrs. Horton, and Norah followed in the family ark. There was space for a fourth; indeed Norah had suggested Belle, but Mrs. Horton objected, on the score of crowding the carriage. On seeing this Belle colored to the temples; not that it mattered to her, but what would Margery think? What could she think, but that it was a pastoral and pleasant sight? Certainly, not that the spectacle of a respectable family taking their morning's airing was a dagger in the tender heart of her poor little sister. The afternoon made it worse. Going down with Margery to the river they met there the party of the morning. Geoffrey came to Belle about some book of which they had talked together. He had it at home and should have brought it, but Miss Hayward—

Belle put up her little head.

"Pray give yourself no trouble about it, Mr. Horton," and walked away.

Margery, seeing suspicion in Mrs. Horton, triumph in Gretta, and something inexplicable in Geoffrey, came out from her world of shadows and set herself to study her sister; not that it needed powers of divination to understand this poor child! She drooped miserably, and had heart for nothing. She still went to the Hill; for she would not have it said that she had visited Geoffrey, but her pride cost her dear, for there every look between the two, from whom she could never turn her eyes, was a fresh stab, every low-whispered word food for bitter thinking and miserable remembrance.

Norah was openly indignant, but dared not frame her thought in words held back by something in Belle's pale face. Only once, looking after Gretta and her brother going to hunt wild flowers, she dropped the hot words that, like most fools, Geoffrey was cruel also.

"Why?" asked Belle, promptly. "Because he keeps Miss Hayward so long at her angling?"

But for all this bold front Margery grew daily more anxious about Belle.

"I shall send you to Aunt Steele's," she said at length. "You can drink cream and roll on the hay there if you like. At any rate I shall not see you mope."

Belle would have preferred torment where she was to peace in Paradise; but her death would be another blow to Margery, and it seemed but a poor mission to die for somebody who didn't care a fig about it; so she ordered down her trunks and began clear-starching her muslins, which in country-reading means a journey. Hetty, their little maid, carried the news to the Hill that Miss Belle must be going on a visit, and in half an hour it had reached Norah by domestic telegraph, whereat she rejoiced. She had now a test for Geoffrey, and at supper she tried it. "Mother, Belle is going away to visit her aunt; Margery thinks that her health is failing."

Here she glanced from under her eyelashes at Geoffrey. He was whispering to Gretta.

"Very sensible; it will be an excellent thing for her," responded Mrs. Horton, oracularly, and the subject dropped. Norah, however, watching like a cat, saw Geoffrey, just at twilight, going down the hill, and astonished Gretta by instantly turning around and kissing her, without the smallest provocation.

Belle, wearied out, had nestled down on the lounge in the parlor, and there fell asleep, her cheek resting in her little soft palm, and wearing the patient, grieved look about mouth and eyes that you see sometimes in children. So some one found her, and, sitting down beside her, called himself superfluously hard names, as he watched her. One hand rested in her lap, and he dared to take it, at which Belle woke up in a fright, and, seeing who was there, got up, crimson to the temples. Geoffrey was quite ready for confession, and would even have plead for pardon, but Belle would not understand. Geoffrey grew desperate.

"Belle, if you have a mind to be miserable, so have not I."

"A prudent resolve on your part; but what have I to do with that?"

"Don't be hypocritical, but pray hear me out, and forgive me."

"That implies that I have reason to complain. I know of none."

Dangerous ground this, quaking under his feet; the Scylla of cowardice on the one hand, the Charybdis of insufferable coxcombry on the other. "Oh, these women!" he groaned, and was going, when he saw Belle shiver, and caught something like a sob. With that he gathered courage, and, sitting down beside her, said, softly,

"Belle, I have loved you ever since you first came to me, claiming May, in such a pretty tremor of delight."

And so this tigress melted at once into tears, confessing all her sins, specially that of loving Geoffrey Horton, and ending,

"But how could you find it in your heart to go on so?"

"How?"

"With Miss Hayward."

"Simply that you might find it in your heart that you loved me. I knew it, but could hardly tell you so."

"You had nearly lost by it, Sir."

"You would have come to terms."

"You think so?"

MAUD.

Everybody had voted the day too warm for any exercise more active than breathing, and had given themselves over to têtes-à-tête and iced-water in cool halls and recessed windows. Maud curled her lip at them all, and came down presently in walking costume—braided Nankin dress, marvelous little boots, and garden hat. A jaunty little figure enough! Seeing her thus equipped, Paul, who had been lounging on the steps, volunteered to go with her.

Paul was thirty, Maud eighteen, and in his society apt to entertain an unpleasant sensation of being quizzed. Now, however, Mark Farquhar was looking on from the piazza, where for the last hour he had been flirting with Esther Varian; so she was not altogether vexed. Mark had just tied Esther's little blue silk cravat in a sailor's knot, and fastened it with his own scarf-pin. His fingers had touched her white throat, his black curls brushed her clear brown cheeks.

Maud tied her own cravat, and kept her cheeks from such saucy neighborhood; therefore she looked with becoming indignation at Esther Varian, and went with Paul, talking very fast, till they were well out of hearing of the house, when suddenly she fell from the height of volubility flat to a languid monosyllabic mood. Paul smiled to himself, and was quiet also. It was a part of his creed to give his fish plenty of line.

So they walked in silence over the sunny road. The breeze came fitfully from the river, showing almost painfully bright between tree and house-tops; vineyards on either side looked sultry and Southern in that glowing air—made one think of panting hours and of the fierce suns that must bring them to their autumn purple; and the mountain, a solemn wooded form, stretching up before them like the huge portal of some mystic land of delight, seemed to recede as they advanced, as lands of delight always do.

Maud flagged and grew weary, and Paul, looking about for a seat, discovered a stone-wall topped by some logs, and seated her thereon, under a spreading walnut-tree. She was a little creature, slender, and lithe in her movements, and just now pale with fatigue, and perhaps a little sorrowful, as she took off her hat and leaned against the tree-trunk, looked less a woman than some sweet child whom Paul might take in his arms without blame and hush into quiet. All about her was daintily pure and neat; the edge of snowy skirt showing as she sat perched upon the logs, the little ruffle at her throat, the handkerchief peeping from the braided pocket of her dress, even as became such a little lily sprite. She was deft too in her ways; what she touched fell naturally into its place, as though her little fingers were a decalogue of order—a veritable home fairy, that would sit naturally by a man's hearth and nestle lovingly in his arms and heart, thought Paul; and, so thinking, he looked at her with a light in his dark eyes that brought the blood redly to her cheeks.

"Why are you so silent? Tell me what you were thinking about:" she said, hastily.

"If I did you might be in the plight of Aladdin, who rubbed an old lamp and summoned a genii."

"What do you mean?"

"Or like the people who, digging for a well, struck on the gate of Herculaneum."

"Provoking! I don't like to be teased."

Her eyes were sparkling, her color beginning to rise. "Good," thought Paul, letting out his satisfaction, however, only in a swift gleam from his eyes.

"Or perhaps," he drawled, "you would think, if you knew of what I was talking, the simile of the dead man who revived on touching the prophet's bones the more appropriate."

"What are you saying?"

"Something impertinent."

Maud gave herself a little peevish shake.

"I will not be so teased. What were you thinking of?"

"It is fortunate that a prophet's bones are not to be found in every grave," pursued Paul, his eyes dancing. "Fancy the Salters receiving their father back to life in that style."

Maud burst into a laugh; then came back to the subject, for she was a persistent little thing.

"Mr. Drysdale!"

"Miss Maud."

"I am not to be evaded. I shall proceed to extremities," holding up her little hand.

"I defy you."

The hand descended on his ear as if so much thistle-down had lighted there; but Paul caught the fingers, and when she tried to withdraw them, held them fast, looking straight into her eyes in a way that brought the long lashes swiftly down on her flushing cheeks, and made her silent for a moment. Hitherto she had seen him with her eyes and heard him with her ears, but had never taken him in mentally. Now she recognized his individuality with a subtle thrill and tremble incomprehensible to herself. Paul still held the passive hand, still watched the downcast eyes and changing face.

"I was thinking of you," he said, softly.

"What of me?"

"I will not tell you now."

"Why, then, did you make me curious?"

"Are you curious?"

"Very."

"You shall know it, then, in two weeks."

"That is a long time," returned Maud, in some surprise. ("A short one," thought Paul, "for what I have to do.") "You will not forget?"

"I never forget."

There came voices down the road, and Maud saw a Magenta parasol, a white plume, a trimly-belted morning-dress, a mass of yellow hair, a face dazzling white—Esther Varian, in short, and with her Mark Farquhar. Esther nodded toward them with a little air of triumph. Mark put up his glass. Maud colored with anger. It was not enough to pain and wound her. It must be done openly, that the world might know that she suffered. He was privileged to say with look and action what, as a gentleman, his tongue might not utter—what, as a woman, she must endure in silence.

She had quite forgotten Paul; but now he made her look at him, though how she scarcely knew, as he had released her hand, and certainly had not spoken. Than his face, nothing could well be more quiet; than his eyes, nothing steadier; but in that very quietness she found in some way strength and reassurance, and in that deep calm something of command to which she yielded. Her color died away to paleness, the sparkle to a look of weariness.

"Please take me home," she said, putting out a little hand, to be helped down.

They walked back almost in silence. Maud was questioning herself. That morning Paul had lounged by her side, and she had thought of him very much as of the bird skimming before them, or of the view—something entirely external to herself. She had known Paul a year. What had he said or done in this short hour that must make him henceforth a part of her thinking? Why should she feel herself in some way conquered? What did he mean? What did she mean?

Esther and Mark were already back on the piazza. They had taken a short-cut across the fields.

"Plainly a scouting party," said Paul.

Maud looked at him for answer, and sat down upon the steps, her brown eyes full of soft light, her cheeks flushed into the pink of a sea-shell, and her hair, wherever it could escape the restraint of comb and net, falling naturally into waves and ripples. At that moment she was lovely.

"We were talking of you," said Esther. "When we passed you Mr. Farquhar would have it that you were Rochester and Jane Eyre, only that Rochester should have been on the fence and Jane was not pretty. It was an effective tableau, however."

"*Voilà!*" said Paul, with perfect gravity. "A coincidence! In my heart I have often likened Miss Maud to little Janet. There must exist a resemblance in character."

Esther bridled.

"Don't thank him, Maud. It is a libel. Jane Eyre was most unwomanly."

Paul's eyes began to sparkle.

"Your reason, Miss Varian."

"The book itself. As an example, the scene in the garden where she confesses her love to Mr. Rochester. Till a man confesses himself, I think it unfeminine even to have questioned one's self about him; but to love while yet unasked is, to my thinking, impossible for a true woman, though, of course, I don't speak *ex cathedrâ*."

"It is then an exchange, in which the lady is specially cautious of being cheated."

"I deny it," broke in Maud. "There is no law that says a woman shall not dare to reverence, to admire, to love, whatever is pure and noble, spontaneously, involuntarily, as does a man. Pride, delicacy, instinct, will indeed control and mask its expression, lest the thought of her should be profaned in the heart of some man who knows not properly how to reverence her; but to sit cowardly down, and when a heart and hand are offered, affect surprise and take it, as of gratitude, or expediency, or because convinced by reasoning, is not womanliness, but hypocrisy or self-deception. For it is scarcely possible that man should love, and woman should be unconscious. Even if too weak to dare ask the verdict of our heart, if we find a thing lovable we love; if strength, or rest, or knowledge that we crave, we take it in virtue of the very necessity of our nature. We drink in light and air without reasoning, and involuntarily our moral nature also takes its light and life. Right, honor, possibility, external circumstances determine its expression; but its receiving or its rejection is not of ourselves, or within our province, or subject to any law but that of God."

"Bravo!" said Paul.

"Maud thinks best to define her position," returned Esther, with a world of scornful meaning.

"By way of contrast," retorted Paul, softly.

Esther colored to the temples. Mark came and sat down by Maud.

"Have I offended? You have scarcely looked toward me to-day."

"It must have been that you were not within my range of vision."

"Be it so. You are in arrears, then, for a whole morning's kindly notice. Will you come and play chess?"

Maud rose, and in so doing dropped her gloves. Paul picked them up and placed them in his breast.

"I will keep these as hostages," he said, significantly.

Then came now a time of much self-questioning and self-communing with Maud; for certain it was that, do or speak what or with whom she would, the *consciousness* of Paul attended her: not always strictly expressed in her thought, but always felt; besetting her in the morning, and going with her through the day; and thus submitting to a stronger will and a fixed purpose, masked under an almost womanish gentleness, she stood affrighted, fancying this new frame of mind a moral monstrosity, and blamed herself; and when she detected in herself a relish for this submission she despised herself and rebelled, only to be conquered anew. So wise was she in theory, so simple in practice!

All this fighting in secret wore on her, and just as the two weeks came to an end one of her headaches seized upon her. Now Maud's headaches were not affairs of *eau de Cologne* and a few hours; so finding one at hand she at once relinquished all thought of the mountain party, so long discussed, and sat quietly down to suffer. Paul came to her in the library, where she had ensconsed herself as the coolest and most quiet spot, and seeing her face white and drawn with suffering, was moved with compassion.

"Poor child! let me stay with you," he said, earnestly. "You look as if you needed nursing."

But she motioned him away.

"By no means. You can do nothing; and I am better alone."

He stood a moment, looking obstinate, and as if about to contest the point.

"Go, please, go!" she urged.

He went at that, and her countenance fell; for all the while she wished him to stay, as he might have known. He could be inflexible enough when he chose. What made him, on a sudden, so yielding? He had chatted much with Esther Varian of late. Perhaps she coupled the facts together and fretted over it; be that as it may, her headache grew upon her.

About noon, as she sat there, propped against pillows and her hands pressed hard over her temples, some one opened the door quietly, and coming to her side laid a palm cool as ice upon her forehead. At that she opened her eyes. "Mr. Drysdale! I thought that you had gone!" And then the sudden start and speaking cost her such a throb of pain that, spite of herself, she cried out. Paul went for Cologne and ice-water, brushed back the soft hair, and bathed her temples, saying,

"It seems you are not better alone, after all."

"It is very disagreeable to deprive you of your pleasure."

"I give you no thanks for such consideration. I did not choose to be so deprived, and so remained at home in spite of you."

Maud was silent.

"Are you better? Does your head pain less?"

"Yes," she whispered, trying to remove his hands, for it had occurred to her that Paul might not be the most fitting nurse, and that she should have suffered martyrdom in the name of propriety rather than his attentions.

"What is it? am I awkward? don't I help you?" asked Paul, affecting stolidity.

"Oh no; but—"

"Hush, then; you are talking yourself into a fever. Your cheeks are flushing already."

She was quiet a little longer, then made another move.

"I am better now, thank you."

"Well enough to hear me talk?"

"Oh! quite!"

"Have you remembered that to-day I am to tell you of what I was thinking under the old walnut-tree?"

"Yes," very faintly, and turning her head quite away, till only the tip of a little ear was visible.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you choose."

"Then you are no longer curious?"

"No."

"I conclude, then, that you have divined it. Is it so?"

She was silent.

"Tell me," he said, bending over her and speaking earnestly, "have you thought that, looking at you that day, I knew that the liking I had always felt for you had ripened into love, so that as you trembled when I held your hand, that I was vowing to myself so one day to hold it and call it mine? If so, then you already know what you were so curious to hear that day."

Maud answered only by nestling her head deeper in the pillow.

"Are you angry? shall I go away?" he asked.

She put out her hand, and, taking his, laid it under her soft cheek. That was her answer, and Paul desired no better.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

WE publish on pages 520 and 521 a group of pictures from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the recent Maryland campaign. That campaign, though now over, is so recent, and was so eventful, that the public will be glad to see it once more described with the pencil. Mr. Waud writes:

"The first sketch shows the pass through Thornton's Gap, in South Mountains, with the New York militia hurrying home on the news of the riots. The next one, a view looking up the Potomac River at Williamsport, showing where the rebels forded with their wagons. The little sketch on the right, 'Pontoon Bridge' at Falling Waters; not a miserable bridge as has been reported, but a very well-built one of boats like ours, painted lead-color.

"'Prisoners Marching to Frederick' describes itself. As these fellows marched in by thousands, great excitement was produced in Frederick City and neighboring country.

"The charge of the 6th was a very gallant affair up a hill and over the rifle-pits and ditches of the enemy's rear-guard. A major, other officers, and a number of men were killed and wounded, but they took a large number of the enemy's soldiers.

"The bridge over the Monocacy, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was destroyed last year by the rebels. In their recent raid into Maryland the Stuart cavalry did not venture to approach it.

"The sketch of Emmettsburg shows the burned district, and the rebels driving herds of captured horses through the town.

"On the field of battle it is a common thing for the rebel wounded to get up, and holding up their hands in token of submission, run into our lines to get attended to by our surgeons, which they prefer to experiencing the tender mercies of their own."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE publish on page 516 a BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE ENVIRONS OF CHARLESTON, showing the sea-islands on which Gilmore's army is contending with the enemy; and on page 517 a number of views on Morris, Seabrook, and other islands where our troops are encamped.

The following extract from the *Herald* correspondence will enable our readers to form an idea of the present condition of affairs on Morris Island:

> There is a continual and uninterrupted heavy artillery duel going on night and day between Fort Sumter, Fort Johnson, and the new batteries erected near it, the work on Cumming's Point, called Battery Gregg, and Fort Wagner, and our batteries, aided by the iron-clads, which daily practice on Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, occasionally exchanging a shot with Sumter.
>
> The new rebel batteries on James Island, which have either been built within the past fortnight or have long been masked, now occasion us at times a little annoyance, but do not interrupt the steady advance and progress of our works. They have several large sea-coast mortars in position and they manage to explode their shells high in the air over our trenches, and now and then, but very rarely, inflict injuries on our gallant troops who wield the spade and pick as well as they have the musket. Fort Wagner, when not kept silent by the iron-clads and our mortar and rifle batteries, directs a sharp fire of canister and grape on our working parties, making the air above them vocal with the nondescript missiles they favor us with. The rebels seem to have a peculiar relish for broken bottles and glassware, old bits of crockery, rusty nails, fragments of cooking utensils and all sorts of odds and ends which may inflict wounds, and these missiles they pour into our lines with an intense zest and no little spite. Some of our men have been wounded by these novel projectiles, and in a few instances quite seriously. The rebel stock of iron is quite limited, we must infer from the above facts, or they have chosen to use substitutes for the ordinary missile which render wounds more serious and more apt to occasion death eventually. In either case the show is not at all favorable to the rebels.
>
> Our lines were advanced a few days since several hundred yards, and our extreme front is now within less than five hundred yards of Fort Wagner, and our sharp-shooters are now so close to the rebel work that they pick off any gunner who attempts to level the large pieces bearing on our trenches.
>
> The rebels in Wagner closed up the embrasures on the southern face of the work three days ago, and have remained silent until this morning at daylight, when they cleared the embrasures and developed the fact that they had five guns in position, two of them being new ones, from which they opened a hot fire on our working parties, and occasioned no little annoyance. Our batteries replied instantly, and a sharp contest ensued. The rebels kept up the fire with great warmth, and not until one of the Monitors and the *New Ironsides* had shelled them heartily did they desert their guns and take to their bomb-proofs, where they now lie secure. Our work then went on as rapidly and quietly as ever.

Of Fort Wagner the same correspondent writes:

> Fort Wagner is an irregular bastioned work, situated on the northern end of Morris Island, two thousand five hundred yards distant from Fort Sumter. It is composed entirely of sand, which, beyond doubt, is the best material to withstand the effect of shell. Its armament is six guns; but three guns have recently been mounted on the sea face to annoy the Monitors. On the southern face of the work all the obstructions that engineering skill can devise have been placed so as to annoy our troops in case of an assault. On the northern side of the work there has been erected a musketry parapet, which not only commands the approach from the northward, but enables its garrison to be sheltered in event of our troops gaining an admittance to the interior. It has its ravelins, galleries, and covered ways, and upon the whole is a very formidable work. The magazine is situated in the southern centre of the seaward portion of the work, and although exposed to the fire of our iron-clads, it is so well built as to defy the projectiles which have already struck it.

CAPT. JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.

CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, of the *Weehawken*, whose portrait we give on page 525, is the son of that gallant and distinguished officer, Commodore John Rodgers, one of the fathers of the American navy. A native of Maryland, he entered the navy at an early age, in 1828, and from the first exhibited that zeal and ability for which he has since been so distinguished. He saw much service in the grades of Midshipman and Lieutenant; and for two years was engaged in active boat service on the coast of Florida against the Seminole Indians, and in the Coast Survey. In 1852 he was appointed second in command of the North Pacific and Behring Straits Exploring Expedition, and succeeded to the command on the return to the United States—in consequence of severe illness—of his superior officer, Captain (now Commodore) Ringgold. He performed the arduous duty that devolved upon him in a manner creditable to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Government, taking his vessel, the *Vincennes*, farther into the Arctic region than a ship of war had ever before penetrated. On the return of the expedition, in 1856, Commander Rodgers, who had been promoted during his absence, was engaged in preparing the charts and report of his explorations. When in 1858 we had a threatened difficulty with England, in consequence of the boarding and searching of American vessels in the West Indies and Gulf, Commander Rodgers immediately applied for active service, and was appointed to the *Water Witch*, and proceeded to the Gulf. The difficulty, however, was arranged, and Commander Rodgers returned to his Arctic charts. When the rebellion broke out he again promptly applied for active service, and, with other officers both of the army and navy, was sent to Norfolk, to attempt saving the vessels there. Too late for that, Commander Rodgers, with Captain (now General) Wright, of the Engineers, was assigned to the difficult and dangerous duty of blowing up the Dry Dock. After making the necessary preliminary arrangements, the detachment that had accompanied them was sent back to the boats, and the two officers, with a single sailor, remained to apply the match on the appointed signal. Commander Rodgers told the Lieutenant who took back the men that he thought there was but little chance of escape for those that remained, owing to the distance from the boats and the intervention of the ship-houses, which, when in flames, would cut off their retreat. The event justified this opinion, but the two officers escaped by the land-gate, and with their solitary seaman seized a small boat and attempted to pull down the harbor, but a heavy fire of musketry from the shore compelled them to surrender, and they were sent to Richmond as prisoners; where, however, they were kindly treated and soon released, as Virginia had not then passed the secession ordinance.

On his return to Washington Commander Rodgers was appointed to the important and highly responsible duty of creating a naval force on the Western rivers. Every thing in the way of buying, building, arming, equipping, and organizing had to be done, and he entered on this duty with all the zeal of a man whose soul was in his work. The purchased gun-boats, properly prepared, were already in active service, and the iron-clads rapidly progressing to completion, when he was relieved by Captain (the late and lamented Admiral) Foote. This change was made at the request of General Frémont, who subsequently expressed great regret, saying it arose from error, from false representations of contractors, and he urged Commander Rodgers to accept the place on his staff of executive officer for naval affairs connected with his movements. This was declined, and on his return East he was appointed to the steamer *Flag*, then off Charleston, and sailed in Admiral Du Pont's flag-ship, the *Wabash*, on the Port Royal expedition. He commanded a flotilla sent up to reconnoitre the harbor before the action, which was engaged with Tatnall's mosquito fleet. In the attack on Port Royal the services of Commander Rodgers were alluded to by Admiral Du Pont in the warmest terms; and as a mark of distinction he was sent ashore to ascertain if the forts had surrendered, and with his own hands hoisted the Union flag on the soil of South Carolina for the first time since it had been torn down at Sumter.

Proceeding in the *Flag* to Savannah River, he ascertained the rebels had left Tybee Island, and landing there he took possession of it, and handed it over to the army, again himself hoisting the Stars and Stripes on the soil of Georgia, for the first time since the act of secession. Several hazardous and daring night boat expeditions placed Commander Rodgers in possession of much valuable information connected with Fort Pulaski, and the data he furnished greatly aided General Gilmore in the capture of that important fort.

The *Flag*, needing repairs, was ordered to the North; and while those went on, rather than be idle, Commander Rodgers, at the request of General M'Clellan, joined his staff to assist in embarking and landing his troops for York River. He was then appointed to the *Galena*, an iron-clad on a new model, but which proved to be a lamentable failure. In command of the James River flotilla, composed, among other vessels, of the original *Monitor*, he was ordered to proceed to Richmond. After attacking and silencing several forts on his way he reached the obstructions just above Fort Darling, on Drury's Bluff, consisting of three rows of sunken vessels, secured by piles and chains. The *Monitor* could not elevate her guns to reach the batteries, and had to drop down for nearly a mile, and the fire was thus concentrated on the *Galena*, which sustained the unequal fight for three hours and a half, and when she retired had but five cartridges left for her great guns, and not a loaded shell. This was one of the severest, if not the severest, fight of the war. In the late capture of the *Atlanta* she surrendered after five shots; but the *Galena* was pierced by forty-six of those heavy shot and shells, was greatly cut up, and had fifteen of her crew killed outright, besides the wounded. Among the latter was Commander Rodgers, slightly, from two pieces of shell. Though pronounced unseaworthy by a survey, the *Galena* remained in the river, and during the fight of Malvern Hills she took part in that contest, firing by signal among the rebel troops, and rendering most essential service, as was warmly acknowledged by General M'Clellan in his official dispatches.

Transferred to the new iron-clad *Weehawken*, and promoted to the rank of Captain, he, on his passage from New York to Fortress Monroe, encountered one of the most severe storms ever experienced on our coast. Fearing for the safety of his tow, a side-wheel steamer, he cast her off, and ordered her to make a harbor at Delaware Breakwater, which she reached with difficulty; but the *Weehawken*, though having the same place of refuge, continued on, and came safely into Hampton Roads, to the agreeable surprise of all who knew she was out in that storm. This proof of the sea-going qualities of that class of vessels gave great satisfaction to the Navy Department, being considered of as much importance as a naval victory; for it restored the confidence of officers and men in those iron-clads as sea-going vessels which had been destroyed by the then recent foundering of the *Monitor* in a much less violent storm.

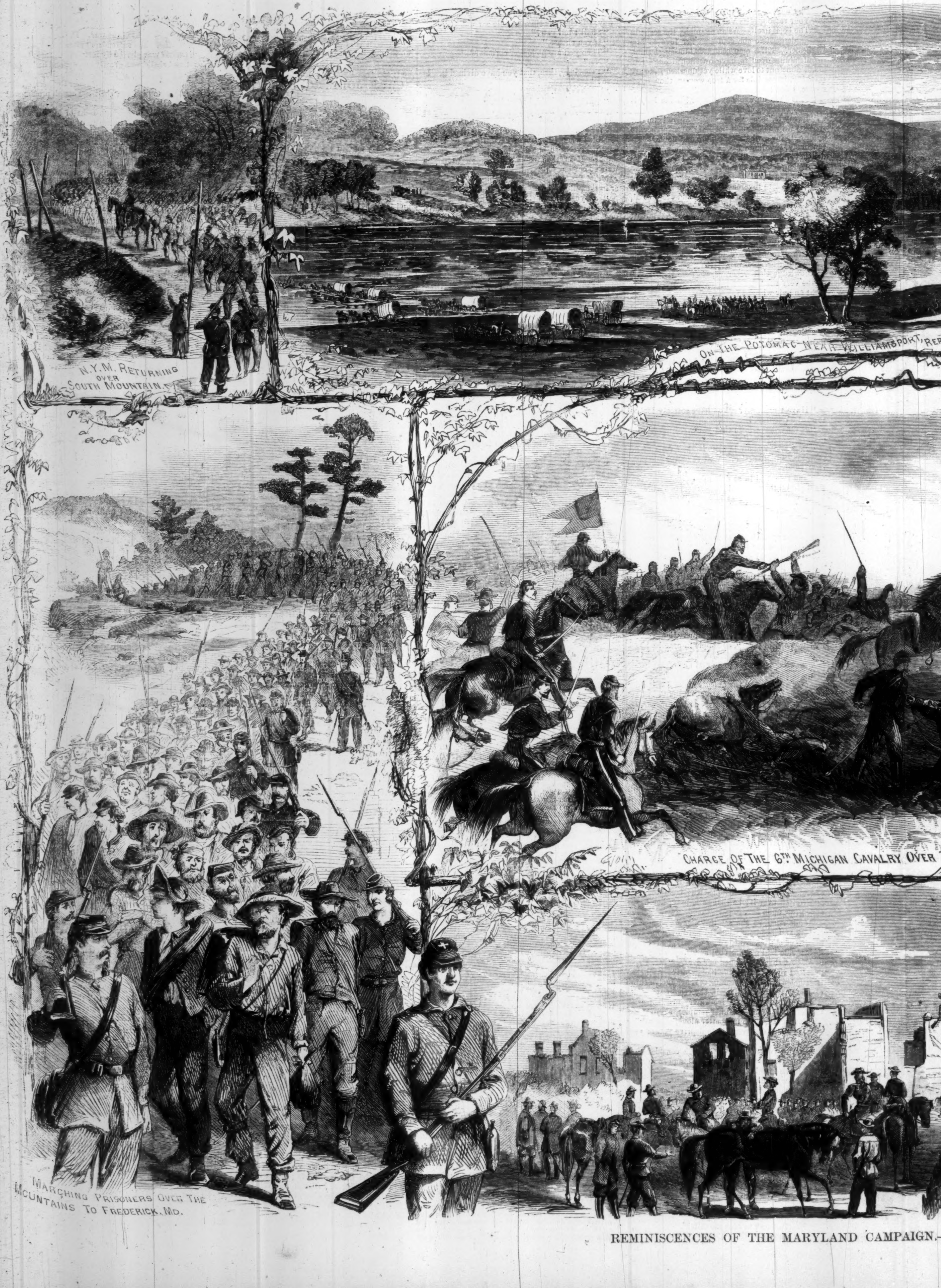
Attached to the squadron of Admiral Du Pont, he was selected to lead the iron-clads in the attack on Forts Sumter and Moultrie and the other batteries at Charleston. The little squadron, with the *Weehawken* in the van, was allowed to proceed unmolested until that vessel reached a certain buoy, on which point all the rebel guns had been trained; and then, at the same instant, three hundred of the heaviest cannon opened upon the devoted vessel. Such was this furious attack that the spray thrown up hid the hull of the *Weehawken* from the sight of the spectators, who at one moment thought she was sunk; but she bore it all, and with her consorts continued to return the fire, calmly and steadily progressing on till she reached the sunken obstructions, through which he vainly attempted to find a possible passage. The general fight was continued until the recall signal was made, and as the *Weehawken* was bringing up the rear while retiring Fort Sumter complimented her by two or three parting shot; and, not to be outdone in courtesy, the *Weehawken* was slowly turned round, and approaching nearer, gave the fort a 15-inch solid shot, which was the last gun fired on either side. Never before were any vessels exposed to such a fire; and what that little fleet of iron-clads sustained would have utterly destroyed in half the time the immense fleet that Nelson had at Trafalgar.

The next service of Captain Rodgers was the recent capture of the iron-clad *Atlanta*. This vessel of 2000 tons, formerly the *Fingal*, had been prepared with great care and at immense expense, on the plan of the *Merrimac*. For months she had been a thorn in the side of Admiral Du Pont, fearing a raid upon our wooden blockaders. Hearing she was positively coming out, the *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers, and the *Nahant*, Commander Downes, were sent to watch her. The *Atlanta* came out in full belief and expectation of capturing both vessels, and suddenly appeared upon them in the first gray of the morning, and at once opened her fire. The *Weehawken* did not return it till within 300 yards, when, as the *Atlanta* rounded to to fire her broadside, the *Weehawken* opened with her 15-inch gun, throwing a solid shot of 440 pounds. Only five shots were fired when the *Atlanta* surrendered, before the *Nahant*, who was gallantly trying to get close alongside, had fired a shot. The first shot from the *Weehawken* virtually settled the result. Though her iron-plated roof presented an angle of only about thirty degrees, the shot did not glance, but penetrated it, and threw an immense quantity of iron and wooden splinters among the crew, prostrating forty men, some by the splinters, and some by the mere concussion; another shot killed one man and wounded seventeen.

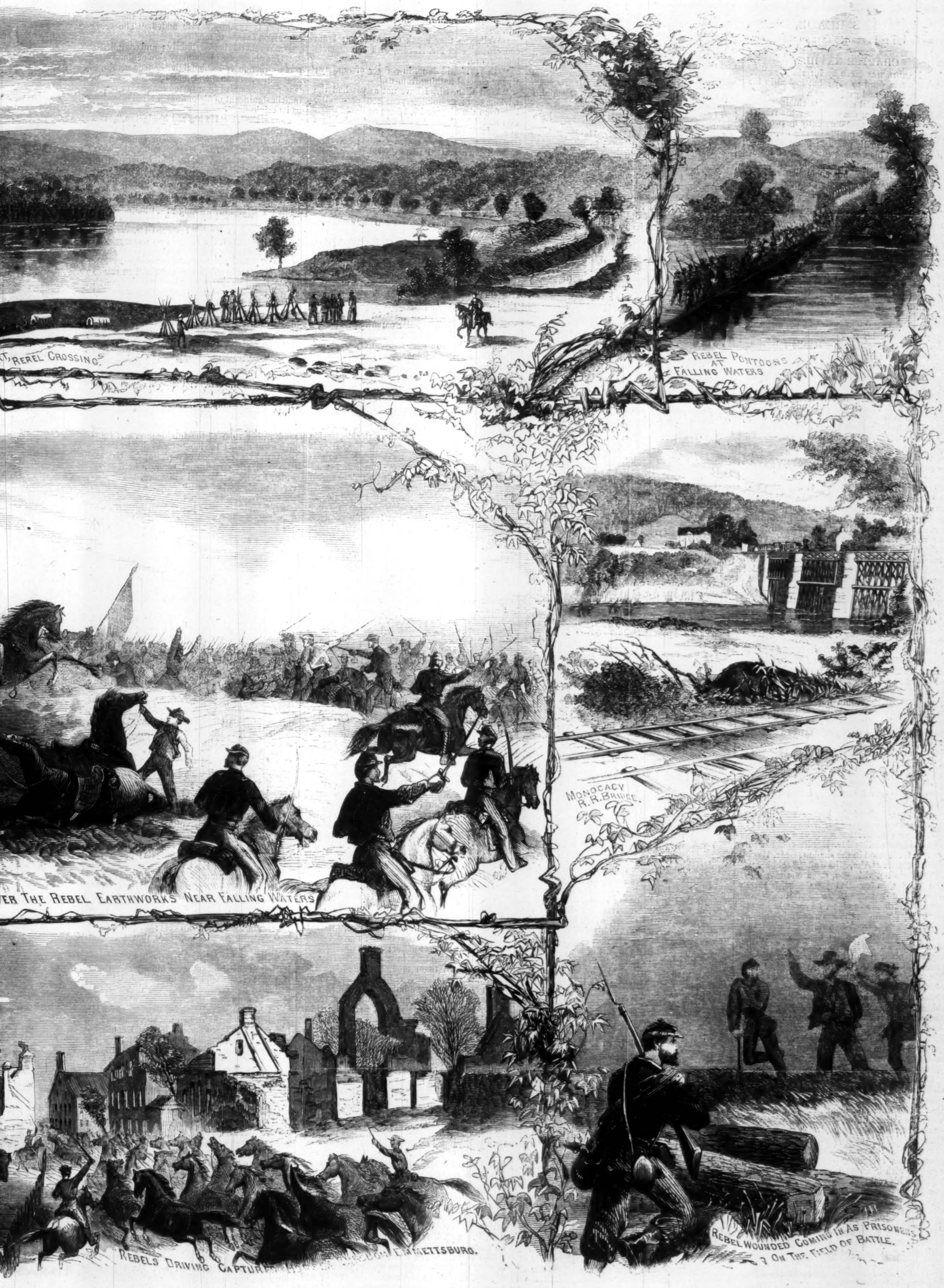
This capture was one of the most important of the war; for not only was the vessel a most damaging loss to the rebels, but, had she got out and joined the two iron-clads in Charleston harbor, there is no estimating the consequences that might have resulted by the necessity of keeping our iron-clads concentrated, and leaving our wooden blockaders, or even some of our Northern sea-ports, exposed to their ravages.

We close this notice with the following extract from the highly complimentary letter addressed to Captain Rodgers by the Secretary of the Navy:

> "Your early connection with the Mississippi flotilla, and your participation in the projection and construction of the first iron-clads on the Western waters; your heroic conduct in the attack on Drury's Bluff; the high moral courage that led you to put to sea in the *Weehawken* upon the approach of a violent storm, in order to test the sea-going qualities of these new craft, at the time when a safe anchorage was close under your lee; the brave and daring manner in which you, with your associates, pressed the iron-clads under the concentrated fire of the batteries in Charleston harbor, and there tested and proved the endurance and resisting power of these vessels; and your crowning successful achievement in the capture of the *Fingal*, alias *Atlanta*, are all proofs of a skill, and courage, and devotion to the country and the cause of the Union, regardless of self, that can not be permitted to pass unrewarded. To your heroic daring and persistent moral courage, beyond that of any other individual, is the country indebted for the development, under trying and varied circumstances on the ocean, under enormous batteries on land, and in successful rencounter with a formidable floating antagonist, of the capabilities and qualities of attack and resistance of the Monitor class of vessels and their heavy armament. For these heroic and serviceable acts I have presented your name to the President, requesting him to recommend that Congress give you a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore in the American Navy."


N.Y.M. Returning over South Mountain.
On the Potomac near Williamsport, Rep
Charge of the 6th Michigan Cavalry Over
Marching Prisoners Over The Mountains To Frederick, Md.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.—


T, Rebel Crossing.
Rebel Pontoons at Falling Waters
Monocacy R.R. Bridge.
er The Rebel Earthworks Near Falling Waters
Rebels Driving Captur mmettsburg.
Rebel Wounded Coming In As Prisoners
On The Field Of Battle.

N.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 519.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. HARDIE was taken by surprise for once, and had not a word to say; but looked in his son's face, mute, and gaping, as a fish.

During this painful silence his children eyed him inquiringly; but not with the same result; for one face is often read differently by two persons: to Jane, whose intelligence had no aids, he seemed unaffectedly puzzled; but Alfred discerned, beneath his wonder, the terror of detection rising, and then thrust back by the strong will: that stoical face shut again like an iron door; but not quickly enough: the right words, the "open sesame," had been spoken, and one unguarded look had confirmed Alfred's vague suspicions of foul play: he turned his own face away: he was alienated by the occurrences of the last few months, but Nature and tender reminiscences still held him by some fibres of the heart: in a moment of natural indignation he had applied the touch-stone; but its success grieved him; he could not bear to go on exposing his father; so he left the room with a deep sigh, in which pity mingled with shame and regret; he wandered out into the silent night, and soon was leaning on the gate of Albion Villa, gazing wistfully at the windows, and sore perplexed, and nobly wretched.

As he was going out, Mr. Hardie raised his eyebrows with a look of disinterested wonder and curiosity; and touched his forehead to Jane, as much as to say, "Is he disordered in his mind?"

As soon as they were alone, he asked her coolly what Alfred meant. She said she had no idea. Then he examined her keenly about this fourteen thousand pounds: and found, to his relief, Alfred had never even mentioned it to her.

And now Richard Hardie, like his son, wanted to be alone, and think over this new peril, that had risen in the bosom of his own family: and, for once, the company of his favorite child was irksome: he made an excuse and strolled out in his turn into the silent night. It was calm and clear: the thousand holy eyes, under which men prefer to do their crimes—except when they are in too great a hurry to wait—looked down and seemed to wonder any thing can be so silly as to sin: and beneath their pure gaze the man of the world pondered with all his soul. He tormented himself with conjectures: through what channel did Alfred suspect him? through the Dodds? were they aware of their loss? had the pocket-book spoken? If so, why had not Mrs. Dodd or her son attacked him? But then perhaps Alfred was their agent: they wished to try a friendly remonstrance through a mutual friend before proceeding to extremities; this accorded with Mrs. Dodd's character as he remembered her.

The solution was reasonable; but he was relieved of it by recollecting what Alfred had said, that he had not entered the house since the bank broke.

On this he began to hope Alfred's might be a mere suspicion he could not establish by any proof, and at all events he would lock it in his own breast like a good son: his never having given a hint even to his sister favored this supposition.

Thus meditating, Mr. Hardie found himself at the gate of Albion Villa.

Yet he had strolled out with no particular intention of going there. Had his mind, apprehensive of danger from that quarter, driven his body thither?

He took a look at the house: and the first thing he saw was a young lady leaning over the balcony, and murmuring softly to a male figure below, whose outline Mr. Hardie could hardly discern, for it stood in the shadow. Mr. Hardie was delighted: "Aha, Miss Juliet," said he, "if Alfred does not visit you, some one else does. You have soon supplied your peevish lover's place." He then withdrew softly from the gate, not to disturb the intrigue, and watched a few yards off; determined to see who Julia's nightly visitor was, and give Alfred surprise for surprise.

He had not long to wait: the man came away directly, and walked, head erect, past Mr. Hardie, and glanced full in his face, but did not vouchsafe him a word. It was Alfred himself. Mr. Hardie was profoundly alarmed, and indignant: "The young traitor! Never enter the house? no; but he comes and tells her every thing directly, under her window, on the sly: and, when he is caught—defies me to my face." And now he suspected female cunning and malice in the way that thunder-bolt had been quietly prepared for him and launched, without warning, in his very daughter's presence, and the result just communicated to Julia Dodd.

In a very gloomy mood he followed his son, and heard his firm though elastic tread on the frosty ground, and saw how loftily he carried his head: and from that moment feared, and very, very, nearly hated him.

The next day he feigned sick, and sent for Osmond. That worthy prescribed a pill and a draught, the former laxative, the latter astringent. This ceremony performed, Mr. Hardie gossiped with him; and, after a detour or two, glided to his real anxiety. "Sampson tells me you know more about Captain Dodd's case than he does: he is not very clear as to the cause of the poor man's going mad."

"The cause? Why Apoplexy."

"Yes, but I mean what caused the apoplexy?"

Mr. Osmond replied that Apoplexy was often idiopathic.* Captain Dodd, as he understood, had fallen down in the street in a sudden fit: "but as for the mania, this is to be attributed to an insufficient evacuation of blood while under the apoplectic coma."

"Not bled enough! Why Sampson says it is because he was bled too much."

Osmond was amused at this; and repeated that the mania came of not being bled enough.

The discussion was turned into an unexpected quarter by the entrance of Jane Hardie, who came timidly in and said, "Oh, Mr. Osmond, I can not let you go without telling you how anxious I am about Alfred. He is so thin, and pale, and depressed."

"Nonsense, Jane," said Mr. Hardie, "have we not all cause to be dejected in this house?" But she persisted gently that there was more in it than that: and his headaches were worse: and she could not be easy any longer without advice.

"Ah, those headaches," said Mr. Osmond, "they always made me uneasy. To tell the truth, Miss Hardie, I have noticed a remarkable change in him, but I did not like to excite apprehensions: and so he mopes, does he? seeks solitude, and is taciturn, and dejected?"

"Yes. But I do not mind that so much as his turning so pale and thin."

"Oh, it is all part of one malady."

"Then you know what is the matter?"

"I think I do: and yours is a wise and timely anxiety. Your brother's is a very delicate case of a hyperæsthetic character; and I should like to have the advice of a profound physician. Let me see, Dr. Wycherley will be with me to-morrow: may I bring him over as a friend?"

This proposal did not at all suit Mr. Hardie; he put his own construction on Alfred's pallor and dejection, and was uneasy at the idea of his being cross-questioned by a couple of doctors.

"No, no," said he, "Taff has fancies enough already; I can not have you gentlemen coming here to fill his head with many more."

"Oh, he has fancies, has he?" said Osmond, keenly. "My dear Sir, we shall not say one word to *him:* that might irritate him: but I should like *you* to hear a truly learned opinion."

Jane looked so imploringly, that Mr. Hardie yielded a reluctant assent, on those terms.

So the next day, by appointment, Mr. Osmond introduced his friend Dr. Wycherley: bland and bald, with a fine head, and a face naturally intelligent, but crossed every now and then by gleams of vacancy; a man of large reading, and of tact to make it subserve his interests. A voluminous writer on certain medical subjects, he had so saturated himself with circumlocution, that it distilled from his very tongue: he talked like an Article; a quarterly one; and so gained two advantages: 1st, he rarely irritated a fellow-creature; for, if he began a sentence hot, what with its length, and what with its windiness, he was apt to end it cool: item stabs by polysyllables are pricks by sponges. 2dly, this foible earned him the admiration of fools; and this is as invaluable as they are innumerable.

Yet was there in the mother-tongue he despised one germ of a word he vastly admired: like most quarterly writers. That charming word, the pet of the polysyllabic, was "OF."

He opened the matter in a subdued and sympathizing tone well calculated to win a loving father, such as Richard Hardie—was not.

"My good friend here informs me, Sir, you are so fortunate as to possess a son of distinguished abilities, and who is at present laboring under some of those precursory indications of incipient disease of the cerebro-psychical organs, of which I have been, I may say, somewhat successful in diagnosing the symptoms. Unless I have been inadvertently misinformed, he has, for a considerable time, and only with slight intermissions, experienced persistent headache of a kephalalgic or true cerebral type, and has now advanced to the succeeding stage of taciturnity and depression, not* unaccompanied with isolation, and, probably, constipation: but as yet without hallucination, though possibly, and, as my experience of the great majority of these cases would induce me to say, probably, he is not† undisturbed by one or more of those latent, and, at first, trifling aberrations, either of the intelligence, or the senses, which in their preliminary stages escape the observation of all but the expert nosologist. In that case, Sir, be assured you have acted the part of a wise and affectionate parent in soliciting the opportune attention of a psychological Physician to these morbid phenomena at present in the initial process of incubation."

"There you see," said Osmond, "Dr. Wycherley agrees with me: yet I assure you I have only detailed the symptoms, and not the conclusion I had formed from them."

Jane inquired timidly what that conclusion was.

"Miss Hardie, we think it one of those obscure tendencies which are very curable if taken in time—" Dr. Wycherley ended the sentence—"but no longer remediable if the fleeting opportunity is allowed to escape, and diseased action to pass into diseased organization."

Jane looked awe-struck at their solemnity; but Mr. Hardie, who was taking advice against the grain, turned satirical: "Gentlemen," said he, "be pleased to begin by moderating your own obscurity; and then perhaps I shall see better how to cure my son's: what the deuce are you driving at?"

The two doctors looked at one another inquiringly; and so settled how to proceed. Dr. Wycherley explained to Mr. Hardie that there was a sort of general unreasonable and superstitious feeling abroad, a kind of terror of the complaint with which his son was threatened; "*and which,* instead of the most remediable of disorders, is looked at as the most incurable of maladies:" it was on this account he had learned to approach the subject with singular caution, and even with a timidity which was kinder in appearance than in reality; that he must admit.

"Well, you may speak out, as far as I am concerned," said Mr. Hardie, with consummate indifference.

"Oh yes!" said Jane, in a fever of anxiety; "pray conceal nothing from us."

"Well then, Sir, I have not as yet had the advantage of examining your son personally, but, from the diagnostics, I have no doubt whatever he is laboring under the first foreshadowings of cerebro-psychical perturbation."

Jane and her father stared at him: he might as well have recited them the alphabet backward.

"Well then," said he, observing his learning had missed fire, "to speak plainly, the symptoms are characteristic of the initiatory stage of the germination of a morbid state of the phenomena of intelligence."

His unprofessional hearers stared another inquiry.

"In one word, then," said Dr. Wycherley, waxing impatient at their abominable obtuseness, "it is the premonitory stage of the precursory condition of an organic affection of the brain."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hardie, carelessly: "I see; the boy is going mad."

The doctors stared in their turn at the prodigious coolness of a tender parent.

"Not exactly," said Dr. Wycherley; "I am habitually averse to exaggeration of symptoms. Your son's suggest to me 'the Incubation of Insanity,' nothing more."

Jane uttered an exclamation of horror: the doctor soothed her with an assurance that there was no cause for alarm. "Incipient aberration" was of easy cure: the mischief lay in delay. "Miss Hardie," said he, paternally, "during a long and busy professional career, it has been my painful province to witness the deplorable consequences of the non-recognition, by friends and relatives, of the precedent symptoms of those organic affections of the brain, the relief of which was within the reach of well-known therapeutic agents if exhibited seasonably."

He went on to deplore the blind prejudice of unprofessional persons; who choose to fancy that other diseases creep, but Insanity pounces, on a man: which he expressed thus neatly; "that other deviations from organic conditions of health are the subject of clearly defined though delicate gradations, but that the worst and most climacteric forms of cerebro-psychical disorder are suddenly developed affections presenting no evidence of any antecedent cephalic organic change, and unaccompanied by a premonitory stage, or by incipient symptoms."

This chimera he proceeded to confute by experience: he had repeatedly been called in to cases of mania described as sudden, and almost invariably found the patient had been cranky for years; which he condensed thus: "His conduct and behavior for many years previously to any symptom of mental aberration being noticed, had been characterized by actions quite irreconcilable with the supposition of the existence of perfect sanity of intellect."

He instanced a parson, whom he had lately attended, and found him as constipated and convinced he was John the Baptist engaged to the Princess Mary as could be.

"But upon investigation of this afflicted ecclesiastic's antecedent history, I discovered that, for years before this, he had exhibited conduct incompatible with the hypothesis of a mind whose equilibrium had been undisturbed: he had caused a number of valuable trees to be cut down on his estate, without being able to offer a sane justification for such an outrageous proceeding: and had actually disposed of a quantity of his patrimonial acres, 'and which' clearly he never would have parted with had he been in any thing resembling a condition of sanity."

"Did he sell the land and timber below the market-price?" inquired Mr. Hardie, perking up, and exhibiting his first symptom of interest in the discussion.

"On that head, Sir, my informant, his heir-at-law, gave me no information: nor did I enter into that class of detail; you naturally look at morbid phenomena in a commercial spirit, but we regard them medically: and, all this time, most assiduously visiting the sick of his parish and preaching admirable sermons."

The next instance he gave was of a stock-broker suffering under general paralysis and a rooted idea that all the *specie* in the Bank of England was his and ministers in league with foreign governments to keep him out of it.

"Him," said the doctor, "I discovered to have been for years guilty of conduct entirely incompatible with the hypothesis of undisordered mental functions. He had accused his domestic of peculation, and had initiated legal proceedings with a view of prosecuting in a court of law one of his oldest friends."

"Whence you infer that, if my son has not for years been doing cranky acts, he is not likely to be deranged at present."

This adroit twist of the argument rather surprised Dr. Wycherley. However, he was at no loss for a reply. "It is not insanity, but the Incubation of Insanity, which is suspected in your intelligent son's case: and the best course will be for me to enumerate in general terms the several symptoms of 'the Incubation of Insanity:'" he concluded with some severity, "after that, Sir, I shall cease to intrude what I fear is an unwelcome conviction."

The Parent, whose levity and cold reception of good tidings he had thus mildly, yet with due dignity, rebuked, was a man of the world; and liked to make friends, not enemies; so he took the hint, and made a very civil speech, assuring Dr. Wycherley that, if he ventured to differ from him, he was none the less obliged by the kind interest he took in a comparative stranger: and would be very glad to hear all about the "Incubation of Insanity." He added, "The very expression is new to me."

Dr. Wycherley bowed slightly; and complied: "One diagnostic preliminary sign of abnormal cerebral action is Kephalalgia, or true cerebral headache; I mean persistent headache, which is not accompanied by a furred tongue, or other indicia significant of abdominal or renal disorder as its origin."

Jane sighed. "He has sad headaches."

"The succeeding symptom is a morbid affection of sleep. Either the patient suffers from Insomnia; or else from Hypersomnia, which we subdivide into sopor, carus, and lethargus; or thirdly from Kakosomnia, or a propensity to mere dozing, and to all the morbid phenomena of dreams."

"Papa," said Jane, "poor Alfred sleeps very badly: I hear him walking at all hours of the night."

"I thought as much," observed Dr. Wycherley; "Insomnia is the commonest feature. To resume; the insidious advance of morbid thought is next marked by high spirits, or else by low spirits; generally the latter. The patient begins by moping, then shows great lassitude and ennui, then becomes abstracted, moody, and occupied with a solitary idea."

Jane clasped her hands, and the tears stood in her eyes; so well did this description tally with poor Alfred's case.

"And at this period," continued Dr. Wycherley, "my experience leads me to believe that some latent delusion is generally germinating in the mind, though often concealed with consummate craft by the patient: the open development of this delusion is the next stage, and, with this last morbid phenomenon, incubation ceases and insanity begins. Sometimes, however, the illusion is physical rather than psychical, of the sense rather than of the intelligence. It commences at night: the incubator begins by seeing nocturnal visions, often of a photopsic* character, or hearing nocturnal sounds, neither of which have any material existence, being conveyed to his optic or auricular nerves not from without, but from within, by the agency of a disordered brain. These the reason, hitherto unimpaired, combats at first, especially when they are nocturnal only: but being reproduced, and becoming diurnal, the judgment succumbs under the morbid impression produced so repeatedly. These are the ordinary antecedent symptoms characteristic of the incubation of insanity; to which are frequently added somatic exaltation, or, in popular language, physical excitability—a disposition to knit the brows—great activity of the mental faculties—or else a well marked decline of the powers of the understanding—an exaggeration of the normal conditions of thought—or a reversal of the mental habits and sentiments, such as a sudden aversion to some person hitherto beloved, or some study long relished and pursued."

Jane asked leave to note these all down in her note-book.

Mr. Hardie assented, adroitly; for he was thinking whether he could not sift some grain out of all this chaff. Should Alfred blab his suspicions, here were two gentlemen who would at all events help him to throw ridicule on them.

Dr. Wycherley having politely aided Jane Hardie to note down "the preliminary process of the Incubation of disorders of the Intellect," resumed: "Now, Sir, your son appears to be in a very inchoate stage of the malady: he has cerebral Kephalalgia and Insomnia—"

"And, oh doctor, he knits his brows often; and has given up his studies; won't go back to Oxford this term."

"Exactly; and seeks isolation, and is a prey to morbid distraction and reverie: but has no palpable illusions; has he?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Hardie.

"Well but," objected Jane, "did not he say something to you very curious the other night; about Captain Dodd, and fourteen thousand pounds?"

Mr. Hardie's blood ran cold:

"No," he stammered, "not that I remember."

"Oh yes he did, papa: you have forgotten it: but at the time you were quite puzzled what he could mean: and you did *so.*" She put her finger to her forehead: and the doctors interchanged a meaning glance.

"I believe you are right, Jenny," said Mr. Hardie, taking the cue so unexpectedly offered him: "he did say some nonsense I could not make head nor tail of; but we all have our crotchets; there, run away, like a good girl, and let me explain all this to our good friends here: and mind, not a word about it to Alfred."

When she was gone, he said, "Gentlemen, my son is madly in love; that is all."

"Oh, Erotic monomania is a very ordinary phase of insanity."

"His unreasonable passion for a girl he knows he can never marry makes him somewhat crotchety and cranky: that, and overstudy, may have unhinged his mind a little: suppose I send him abroad? my good brother will find the means; or we could advance it him, I and the other trustees; he comes into ten thousand pounds in a month or two."

The doctors exchanged a meaning look. They then dissuaded him earnestly from the idea of Continental travel.

"Cœlum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt," said Wycherley, and Osmond explained that Alfred would brood abroad as well as at home, if he went alone: and Dr. Wycherley summed up thus: "The most advisable course is to give him the benefit of the personal superintendence of some skillful physician possessed of means and appliances of every sort for soothing and restraining the specific malady."

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* "Arising of itself." A term rather hastily applied to disorders the coming signs of which have not been detected by the medical attendant.

The birth of Topsy was idiopathic—in that learned lady's opinion.

* Anglicè, "accompanied."

† Anglicè, "disturbed."

* Luminous.

Mr. Hardie did not at first see the exact purport of this oleaginous periphrasis. *He knitted his brows.* Presently he caught a glimpse: but said he thought confinement was hardly the thing to drive away melancholy.

"Not in all respects," replied Dr. Wycherley: "but, on the other hand, a little gentle restraint is the safest way of effecting a disruption of the fatal associations that have engendered and tend to perpetuate the disorder. Besides, the medicinal appliances are invaluable; including, as they do, the nocturnal and diurnal attendance of a Psychophysical physician, who knows the Psychosomatic relation of body and mind, and can apply physical remedies, of the effect of which on the physical instrument of intelligence, the gray matter of the brain, we have seen so many examples."

The good doctor then feelingly deplored the inhumanity of parents and guardians in declining to subject their incubators to opportune and salutary restraint under the more than parental care of a psychosomatic physician. On this head he got quite warm, and inveighed against the abominable cruelty of the thing.

"It is contrary," said he, "to every principle of justice and humanity that a fellow-creature, deranged perhaps only on one point, should for the want of the early attention of those, whose duty it is to watch over him, linger out his existence separated from all who are dear to him, and condemned without any crime to be a prisoner for life."

Mr. Hardie was puzzled by this sentence, in which the speaker's usual method was reversed, and the thought was bigger than the words.

The doctors did not interfere, but let the suggestion ferment.

"Oh," said Mr. Hardie at last, "I see. We ought to incarcerate our children to keep them from being incarcerated."

"That is one way of putting it with a vengeance," said Mr. Osmond, staring. "No; what my good friend means—"

"Is this; where the patient is possessor of an income of such a character as to enable his friends to show a sincere affection by anticipating the consequences of neglected morbid phenomena of the brain, there a lamentable want of humanity is exhibited by the persistent refusal to the patient, on the part of his relatives, of the incalculable advantage of the authoritative advice of a competent physician accompanied with the safeguards and preventives of—"

But ere the mellifluous pleonast had done oiling his paradox with fresh polysyllables, to make it slip into the Banker's narrow understanding, he met with a curious interruption. Jane Hardie fluttered in to say a man was at the door accusing himself of being deranged.

"How often this sort of coincidence occurs," said Osmond, philosophically.

"Do not refuse him, dear papa; it is not for money: he only wants you to give him an order to go into a lunatic asylum."

"Now, there is a sensible man," said Dr. Wycherley.

"Well but," objected Mr. Hardie, "if he is a sensible man, why does he want to go to an asylum?"

"Oh, they are all sensible at times," observed Mr. Osmond.

"*Singularly* so," said Dr. Wycherley, warmly. And he showed a desire to examine this paragon, who had the sense to know he was out of his senses.

"It would be but kind of you, Sir," said Jane; "poor, poor man!" She added he did not like to come in, and would they mind just going out to him?

"Oh no, not in the least: especially as you seem interested in him."

And they all three rose and went out together, and found the petitioner at the front door. Who should it be, but James Maxley!

His beard was unshaven, his face haggard, and every thing about him showed a man broken in spirit as well as fortune: even his voice had lost half its vigor, and, whenever he had uttered a consecutive sentence or two, his head dropped on his breast, pitiably: indeed, this sometimes occurred in the middle of a sentence, and then the rest of it died on his lips.

Mr. Richard Hardie was not prepared to encounter one of his unhappy creditors thus publicly, and, to shorten the annoyance, would have dismissed him roughly: but he dared not: for Maxley was no longer alone, nor unfriended: when Jane left him, to intercede for him, a young man joined him, and was now comforting him with kind words, and trying to get him to smoke a cigar: and this good-hearted young gentleman was the Banker's son in the flesh, and his opposite in spirit, Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Finding these two in contact, the Doctors interchanged demurest glances.

Mr. Hardie asked Maxley sullenly what he wanted of them.

"Well, Sir," said Maxley, despondently, "I have been to all the other magistrates in the borough; for what with losing my money, and what with losing my missus, I think I bain't quite right in my head; I do see such curious things, enough to make a body's skin creep, at times." And down went his head on his chest.

"Well?" said Mr. Hardie, peevishly: "go on: you went to the magistrates, and what then?"

Maxley looked up, and seemed to recover the thread: "Why, they said 'no,' they couldn't send me to the 'sylum, not from home: I must be a pauper first. So then my neighbors they said I had better come to you." And down went his head again.

"Well but," said Mr. Hardie, "you can not expect me to go against the other magistrates."

"Why not, Sir? You have had a hatful o' money of me: the other gentlemen han't had a farthing. They owes me no service, but you does: nine hundred pounds' worth, if ye come to that."

There was no malice in this; it was a plain, broken-hearted man's notion of give and take; but it was a home thrust all the same; and Mr. Hardie was visibly discountenanced, and Alfred more so.

Mr. Osmond, to relieve a situation so painful, asked Maxley rather hastily what were the curious things he saw.

Maxley shuddered. "The unreasonablest beasts, Sir, you ever saw or heard tell on: mostly snakes and dragons. Can't stoop my head to do no work for them, Sir. Bless your heart, if I was to leave you gentlemen now, and go and dig for five minutes in my garden, they would come about me as thick as slugs on cabbage: why, 'twas but yestere'en I tried to hoe a bit, and up come the fearfullest great fiery sarpint: scared me so I heaved my hoe and laid on un properly: presently I seemed to come out of a sort of a kind of a red mist into the clear; and there laid my poor missus's favorite hen; I had been and killed her for a sarpint." He sighed: then, after a moment's pause, lowered his voice to a whisper, "Now suppose I was to go and take some poor Christian for one of these gre-at bloody dragons I do see at odd times, I might do him a mischief, you know, and not mean him no harm neither. Oh dooee take and have me locked up, gentlemen, dooee now: tellee I ain't fit to be about, my poor head is so mazed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hardie, "I'll give you an order for the Union."

"What, make a pauper of me?"

"I can not help it," said the magistrate: "it is the routine; and it was settled at a meeting of the bench last month that we must adhere to the rule as strictly as possible; the asylum is so full: and you know, Maxley, it is not as if you were dangerous."

"That I be, Sir: I don't know what I'm a looking at, or a doing. Would I ha' gone and killed my poor Susan's hen if I hadn't a been beside myself? and she in her grave, poor dear: no, not for untold gold: and I be fond of that too; used to be, however: but now I don't seem to care for money nor nothing else." And his head dropped.

"Look here, Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, sarcastically, "you must go to the work-house; and stay there till you hoe a pauper; take him for a crocodile, and kill him; then you will get into an asylum whether the Barkington magistrates like it or not: that is the *routine*, I believe; and as reasonable as most routine."

Dr. Wycherley admired Alfred for this, and whispered Mr. Osmond, "How subtly they reason."

Mr. Hardie did not deign to answer his son, who indeed had spoken at him, and not to him.

As for poor Maxley, he was in sad and sober earnest, and could not relish nor even take in Alfred's irony: he lifted his head and looked Mr. Hardie in the face.

"You be a hard man:" said he, trembling with emotion. "You robbed me and my missus of our all, you ha' broke her heart, and turned my head, and if I was to come and kill *you* 'twould only be clearing scores. 'Stead of that I comes to you like a lamb, and says give me your name on a bit of paper, and put me out of harm's way. 'No,' says you, 'go to the work-house!' Be you in the work-house? You that owes me nine hundred pounds and my dead missus?" With this he went into a rage, took a packet out of his pocket, and flung it at Mr. Hardie's head before any one could stop him.

But Alfred saw his game, stepped forward, and caught it with one hand, and with the dexterity of a wicket-keeper, within a foot of his father's nose. "How's that, Umpire?" said he: then, a little sternly, "Don't do that again, Mr. Maxley, or I shall have to give you a hiding—to keep up appearances." He then put the notes in his pocket, and said, quietly, "*I* shall give you your money for these, before the year ends."

"You won't be quite so mad as that I hope," remonstrated his father. But he made no reply: they very seldom answered one another now.

"Oh," said Dr. Wycherley, inspecting him like a human curiosity, "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ."

"Nec parvum sine mixturâ stultitiæ," retorted Alfred in a moment: and met his offensive gaze with a point-blank look of supercilious disdain.

Then, having shut him up, he turned to Osmond: "Come," said he, "prescribe for this poor fellow, who asks for a hospital, so Routine gives him a work-house: come, you know there is no limit to your skill and good-nature: you cured Spot of the worms, cure poor old Maxley of his snakes; oblige me."

"That I will, Mr. Alfred," said Osmond, heartily: and wrote a prescription on a leaf of his memorandum book, remarking that, though a simple purgative, it had made short work of a great many serpents, and dragons, and not a few spectres and hobgoblins into the bargain.

The young gentleman thanked him graciously, and said kindly to Maxley, "get that made up—here's a guinea—and I'll send somebody to see how you are to-morrow."

The poor man took the guinea, and the prescription, and his head drooped again, and he slouched away.

Dr. Wycherley remarked significantly that his conduct was worth imitating by *all persons similarly situated:* and concluded oracularly: "Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeusis."

"Or, as *Porson* would say, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

With this parting blow the Oxonian suddenly sauntered away, unconscious, it seemed, of the existence of his companions.

"I never saw a plainer case of Incubation," remarked Dr. Wycherley, with vast benevolence of manner.

"Maxley's?"

"Oh, no; that is parochial. It is your profoundly interesting son I alluded to. Did you notice his supercilious departure? And his morbid celerity of repartee?"

Mr. Hardie replied with some little hesitation, "Yes; and, excuse me, I thought he had rather the best of the battle with you."

"Indubitably so," replied Dr. Wycherley: "they always do: at least such is *my* experience. If ever I break a lance of wit with an incubator, I calculate with confidence on being unhorsed with abnormal rapidity: and rare, indeed, are the instances in which my anticipations are not promptly and fully realized: by a similar rule of progression the incubator is seldom a match for the confirmed maniac, either in the light play of sarcasm, the coruscations of wit, or the severer encounters of dialectical ratiocination."

"Dear, dear, dear! Then how is one to know a genius from a madman?" inquired Jane.

"By sending for a psychological physician."

"If I understand the doctor right, the two things are not opposed," remarked Mr. Hardie.

Dr. Wycherley assented, and made a remarkable statement in confirmation: "One half of the aggregate of the genius of the country is at present under restraint; fortunately for the community; and still more fortunately for itself."

He then put on his gloves, and, with much kindness but solemnity, warned Mr. Hardie not to neglect his son's case, nor to suppose that matters could go on like this without "disintegrating or disorganizing the gray matter of the brain. I admit," said he, "that in some recorded cases of insanity the brain on dissection has revealed no signs of structural or functional derangement, and that, on the other hand, considerable encephalic disorganization has been shown to have existed in other cases without aberration or impairment of the reason: but such phenomena are to be considered as pathological curiosities, with which the empiric would fain endeavor to disturb the sound general conclusions of science. The only safe mode of reasoning on matters so delicate and profound is à priori: and, as it may safely be assumed as a self-evident proposition, that disturbed intelligence bears the same relation to the brain disordered respiration does to the lungs, it is not logical, reasoning à priori, to assume the possibility that the studious or other mental habits of a Kephalalgic, and gifted youth, can be reversed, and erotic monomania germinate, with all the morbid phenomena of isolation, dejection of the spirits, and abnormal exaltation of the powers of wit and ratiocination, without some considerable impairment, derangement, disturbance, or modification, of the psychical, motorial, and sensorial functions of the great cerebral ganglion. But it would be equally absurd to presuppose that these several functions can be disarranged for months, without more or less disorganization of the medullary, or even of the cineritious, matter of the encephalon. *Therefore*—dissection of your talented son would doubtless reveal at this moment either steatomatous or atheromatous deposits in the cerebral blood-vessels, or an encysted abscess, probably of no very recent origin, or, at the least, considerable inspissation, and opacity, of the membranes of the encephalon, or more or less pulpy disorganization of one or other of the hemispheres of the brain: *good*-morning!"

"Good-morning, Sir: and a thousand thanks for your friendly interest in my unhappy boy."

The Psycho-cerebrals "took their departure" (Psycho-cerebral for "departed"), and left Jane Hardie brimful of anxiety. Alfred was not there to dispose of the tirade in two words, "Petitio principii," and so smoke on: and, not being a university woman, she could not keep her eye on the original assumption while following the series of inferences the learned doctor built so neatly, story by story, on the foundation *of* the quicksand *of* a loose conjecture.*

"Now not a word of this to Alfred," said Mr. Hardie. "I shall propose to him a little foreign tour, to amuse his mind."

"Yes, but papa, if some serious change is really going on inside his poor head."

Mr. Hardie smiled sarcastically. "Don't you see that if the mind can wound the brain, the mind can cure it?" Then, after a while, he said, parentally, "My child, I must give you a lesson: men of the world use enthusiasts—like those two I have just been drawing out—for their tools; we don't let them make tools of us. Osmond, you know, is jackal to an asylum in London; Dr. Wycherley, I have heard, keeps two or three such establishments by himself or his agents: blinded by self-interest, and that of their clique—what an egotistical world it is to be sure!—they would confine a melancholy youth in a gloomy house, among afflicted persons, and give him nothing to do but brood; and so turn the scale against his reason: but *I* have my children's interest at heart more than my own; I shall send him abroad, and so amuse his mind with fresh objects, break off sad associations, and restore him to a brilliant career. I count on you to second me in my little scheme for his good."

"That I will, papa."

"Somehow, I don't know why, he is coolish to me."

"He does not understand you, as I do, my own papa."

"But he is affectionate with you, I think."

"Oh yes, more than ever: trouble has drawn us closer. Papa, in the midst of our sorrow, how much we have to be thankful for to the Giver of all good things!"

"Yes, little angel: and you must improve Heaven's goodness by working on your brother's affection, and persuading him to this continental tour."

Thus appealed to, Jane promised warmly: and the man of the world, finding he had a blind and willing instrument in the one creature he loved, kissed her on the forehead, and told her to run away, for here was Mr. Skinner, who no doubt wanted to speak on business.

Skinner, who had in fact been holding respectfully aloof for some time, came forward on Jane's retiring, and in a very obsequious tone requested a private interview. Mr. Hardie led the way into the little dining-room.

They were no sooner alone than Skinner left off fawning, very abruptly; and put on a rugged resolute manner that was new to him: "I am come for my commission," said he, sturdily.

Mr. Hardie looked an inquiry.

"Oh, you don't know what I mean, of course," said the little clerk, almost brutally: "I've waited, and waited, to see if you would have the decency, and the gratitude, and the honesty, to offer me a trifle out of It; but I see I might wait till doomsday before you would ever think of thinking of any body but yourself. So now shell out without more words or I'll blow the gaff." The little wretch raised his voice louder and louder at every sentence.

"Hush! hush! Skinner," said Mr. Hardie, anxiously, "you are under some delusion. When did I ever decline to recognize your services? I always intended to make you a present, a handsome present."

"Then why didn't ye *do* it without being forced? Come, Sir, you can't draw the wool over Noah Skinner's eyes; I have had you watched, and you are looking toward the U. S., and that is too big a country for me to hunt you in. I'm not to be trifled with: I'm not to be palavered: give me a thousand pounds of It this moment, or I'll blow the whole concern and you along with it."

"A thousand pounds?!"

"Now look at that!" shrieked Skinner. "Serves me right for not saying seven thousand. What right have you to a shilling of it more than I have? If I had the luck to be a burglar's pal instead of a Banker's, I should have half. Give it me this moment or I'll go to Albion Villa and have you took up for a thief; as you are."

"But I haven't got it on me."

"That's a lie: you carry it where *he* did; close to your heart: I can see it bulge: there, Job was a patient man, but his patience went at last." With this he ran to the window and threw it open.

Hardie entreated him to be calm. "I'll give it you, Skinner," said he, "and with pleasure, if you will give me some security that you will not turn round, as soon as you have got it, and be my enemy."

"Enemy of a gent that pays me a thousand pounds? nonsense! Why should I? We are in the same boat: behave like a man, and you know you have nothing to fear from me: but I will—not—go halves in a theft for nothing: would you? Come, how is it to be, peace or war? Will you be content with thirteen thousand pounds that don't belong to you, not a shilling of it, or will you go to jail a felon, and lose it every penny?"

Mr. Hardie groaned aloud, but there was no help for it. Skinner was on sale: and *must* be bought.

He took out two notes for five hundred pounds each, and laid them on the table, after taking their numbers.

Skinner's eyes glistened: "Thank you, Sir," said he. He put them in his pocket. Then he said quietly, "now you have taken the numbers, Sir, so I'll trouble you for a line to make me safe against the criminal law. You are a deep one; you might say I robbed you."

"That is a very unworthy suspicion, Skinner; and a childish one."

"Oh, it is diamond cut diamond. A single line, Sir, just to say that in return for his faithful services you have given Noah Skinner two notes for £500 Nos. 1084 and 85."

"With all my heart—on your giving me a receipt for them."

It was Skinner's turn to hesitate. After reflecting however on all the possible consequences, he saw nothing to fear; so he consented.

The business completed, a magic change took place in the little clerk. "Now we are friends again, Sir: and I'll give you a piece of advice; mind your eye with Mr. Alfred; he is down on us."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Hardie, with ill-disguised anxiety.

"I'll tell you, Sir. He met me this morning: and says he to me, 'Skinner, old boy, I want to speak a word to you.' He put his hands on my shoulder, and turns me round, and says he all at one time 'the fourteen thousand pounds!' You might have knocked me down with a feather. And he looked me through like a gimlet, mind ye. 'Come now,' says he, 'you see I know all; make a clean breast of it.' So then I saw he didn't know *all*, and I brazened up a bit: told him I hadn't a notion what he meant. 'Oh. yes I did,' he said, 'Captain Dodd's fourteen thousand pounds! it had passed through my hands.' Then I began to funk again at his knowing that: perhaps he only guessed it after all: but at the time I thought he knew it; I was flustered, ye see. But I said, 'I'd look at the books; but I didn't think his deposit was any thing like that.' 'You little equivocating humbug,' says he: 'and which was better, to tell the truth at once and let Captain Dodd, which never did me any harm, have his own, or to hear it told me in the felon's dock?' those were his words, Sir: and they made my blood run cold; and if he had gone on at me like that, I should have split, I know I should: but he just said, 'there, your face has given your tongue the lie: you haven't brains enough to play the rogue.' Oh, and—another thing—he said he wouldn't talk to the sparrow-hawk any more, when there was the kite hard by: so by that I guess your turn is coming, Sir; so mind your eye. And then he turned his back on me with a look as if I was so much dirt. But I didn't mind that; I was glad to be shut of him at any price."

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* So novices sitting at a conjuror see him take a wedding-ring, and put it in a little box before a lady; then cross the theatre with another little box, and put that before another lady: "Hey presto! pass!" in box 2 is discovered a wedding-ring, which is instantly *assumed* to be *the* ring: on this their green minds are fixed, and with this is sham business done: Box 1, containing the real ring all the time, is overlooked; and the confederate, in livery or not, does what he likes with it: imprisons it in an orange—for the good of its health.

So poor Argan, when Fleurant enumerates the consequences of his omitting a single—dose shall I say?—is terrified by the threatened disorders, which succeed to each other logically enough, all the absurdity being in the first link of the chain; and from that his mind is diverted.

This intelligence discomposed Mr. Hardie terribly: it did away with all hope that Alfred meant to keep his suspicions to himself. "Why did you not tell me this before?" said he, reproachfully.

Skinner's sharp visage seemed to sharpen as he replied, "Because I wanted a thousand pounds first."

"Curse your low cunning!"

Skinner laughed. "Good-by, Sir: take care of yourself and I'll take care of mine. I'm afraid of Mr. Alfred and the stone-jug, so I'm off to London, and there I'll un-Skinner myself into Mr. Something or other, and make my thousand pounds breed ten." And he whipped out, leaving his master filled with rage and dismay.

"Outwitted even by this little wretch!"

He was now accountable for fourteen thousand pounds, and had only thirteen thousand left, if forced to reimburse; so that it was quite on the cards for him to lose a thousand pounds by robbing his neighbor and risking his own immortal jewel: this galled him to the quick; and altogether his equable temper began to give way; it had already survived half the iron of his nerves. He walked up and down the parlor chafing like an irritated lion. In which state of his mind the one enemy he now feared and hated walked quietly into the room, and begged for a little serious conversation with him.

"It is like your effrontery," said he: "I wonder you are not ashamed to look your father in the face."

"Having wronged nobody, I can look any body in the face," replied Alfred, looking him in the face point-blank.

At this swift rejoinder Mr. Hardie felt like a too-confident swords-man, who, attacking in a passion, suddenly receives a prick that shows him his antagonist is not one to be trifled with. He was on his guard directly, and said, coldly, "You have been belying me to my very clerk."

"No, Sir: you are mistaken: I have never mentioned your name to your clerk."

Mr. Hardie reflected on what Skinner had told him, and found he had made another false move. He tried again: "Nor to the Dodds?" with an incredulous sneer.

"Nor to the Dodds," replied Alfred, calmly.

"What, not to Miss Julia Dodd?"

"No, Sir; I have seen her but once, since—I discovered about the fourteen thousand pounds."

"What fourteen thousand pounds?" inquired Mr. Hardie, innocently.

"What fourteen thousand pounds!" repeated the young man, disdainfully. Then suddenly turning on his father, with red brow and flashing eyes: "the fourteen thousand pounds Captain Dodd brought home from India: the fourteen thousand pounds I heard him claim of you with curses; ay, miserable son, and miserable man, that I am, I heard my own father called a villain; and what did my father reply? Did you hurl the words back into your accuser's throat? No: you whispered, 'Hush! hush! I'll bring it you down.' Oh, what a hell shame is!"

Mr. Hardie turned pale and almost sick: with these words of Alfred's fled all hope of ever deceiving him.

"There, there," said the young man, lowering his voice from rage to profound sorrow: "I don't come here to quarrel with my father, nor to insult him, God knows: and I entreat you for both our sakes not to try my temper too hard by these childish attempts to blind me: and, Sir, pray dismiss from your mind the notion that I have disclosed to any living soul my knowledge of this horrible secret: on the contrary, I have kept it gnawing my heart, and almost maddening me at times. For my own personal satisfaction I have applied a test both to you and Skinner; but that is all I have done: I have not told dear Julia, nor any of her family; and now, if you will only listen to me, and do what I entreat you to do, she shall never know; oh, never."

"Oho!" thought Mr. Hardie, "he comes with a proposal: I'll hear it any way."

He then took a line well known to artful men: he encouraged Alfred to show his hand; maintaining a complete reserve as to his own; "You say you did not communicate your illusion about this fourteen thousand pounds to Julia Dodd that night: may I ask then (without indiscretion) what did pass between you two?"

"I will tell you, Sir. She saw me standing there, and asked me in her own soft angel voice if I was unhappy. I told her I must be a poor creature if I could be happy. Then she asked me, with some hesitation I thought, why I was unhappy. I said because I could not see the path of honor and duty clear: that, at least, was the purport. Then she told me that in all difficulties she had found the best way was to pray to God to guide her; and she begged me to lay my care before him, and ask his counsel. And then I thanked her; and bade her good-night, and she me; and that was all passed between us two unhappy lovers, whom you have made miserable; and even cool to one another; but not hostile to you. And you played the spy on us, Sir; and misunderstood us, as spies generally do. Ah, Sir! a few months ago you would not have condescended to that."

Mr. Hardie colored, but did not reply. He had passed from the irritable into the quietly vindictive stage.

Alfred then deprecated farther discussion of what was past, and said abruptly: "I have an offer to make you: in a very short time I shall have ten thousand pounds; I will not resign my whole fortune; that would be unjust to myself, and my wife; and I loathe and despise Injustice in all its forms however romantic or plausible. But, if you will give the Dodds their £14,000, I will share my little fortune equally with you: and thank you, and bless you. Consider, Sir, with your abilities and experience, five thousand pounds may yet be the nucleus of a fortune; a fortune built on an honorable foundation. I know you will thrive with my five thousand pounds ten times more than with their fourteen thousand; and enjoy the blessing of blessings, a clear conscience.

Now this offer was no sooner made than Mr. Hardie shut his face, and went to mental arithmetic, like one doing a sum behind a thick door. He would have taken ten thousand: but five thousand did not much tempt him: besides, would it be five thousand clear? He already owed Alfred two thousand five hundred. It flashed through him that a young man who loathed and despised Injustice—even to himself—would not consent to be diddled by him out of one sum while making him a present of another: and then there was Skinner's thousand to be reimbursed. He therefore declined in these terms:

"This offer shows me you are sincere in these strange notions you have taken up. I am sorry for it: it looks like insanity. These nocturnal illusions, these imaginary sights and sounds, come of brooding on a single idea, and often usher in a calamity one trembles to think of. You have made me a proposal: I make you one: take a couple of hundred pounds (I'll get it from your trustees) and travel the Continent for four months; enlarge and amuse your mind with the contemplation of nature and manners and customs; and if that does not clear this phantom £14,000 out of your head, I am much mistaken."

Alfred replied that foreign travel was his dream: but he could not leave Barkington while there was an act of justice to be done.

"Then do *me* justice, boy," said Mr. Hardie, with wonderful dignity, all things considered. "Instead of brooding on your one fantastical idea, and shutting out all rational evidence to the contrary, take the trouble to look through my books: and they will reveal to you a fortune, not of fourteen thousand, but of eighty thousand pounds, honorably sacrificed in the struggle to fulfill my engagements: who, do you think, will believe, against such evidence, the preposterous tale you have concocted against your poor father? Already the tide is turning, and all, who have seen the accounts of the Bank, pity me; they will pity me still more if ever they hear my own flesh and blood insults me in the moment of my fall; sees me ruined by my honesty, and living in a hovel, yet comes into that poor but honest abode, and stabs me to the heart by accusing me of stealing fourteen thousand pounds: a sum that would have saved me, if I could only have laid my hands on it."

He hid his face, to conceal its incongruous expression: and heaved a deep sigh.

Alfred turned his head away and groaned.

After a while he rose from his seat and went to the door; but seemed reluctant to go: he cast a longing, lingering look on his father, and said, beseechingly: "Oh think! you are not my flesh and blood more than I am yours; is all the love to be on my side? have I no influence even when right is on my side?" Then he suddenly turned and threw himself impetuously on his knees; "Your father was the soul of honor: your son loathed fraud and injustice from his cradle; you stand between two generations of Hardies, and belong to neither; do but reflect one moment how bright a thing honor is, how short and uncertain a thing life, how sure a thing retribution is, in this world or the next: it is your guardian angel that kneels before you now, and not your son; oh, for Christ's sake, for my mother's sake, listen to my last appeal. You don't know me: I can not compound with injustice. Pity me, pity her I love, pity yourself!"

"You young viper!" cried the father, stung with remorse but not touched with penitence. "Get away, you amorous young hypocrite; get out of my house, get out of my sight, or I'll spit on you and curse you at my feet."

"Enough!" said Alfred, rising and turning suddenly calm as a statue: "let us be gentlemen, if you please, even though we must be enemies. Good-by, my father that *was*."

And he walked gently out of the room, and, as he passed the window, Mr. Hardie heard his great heart sob.

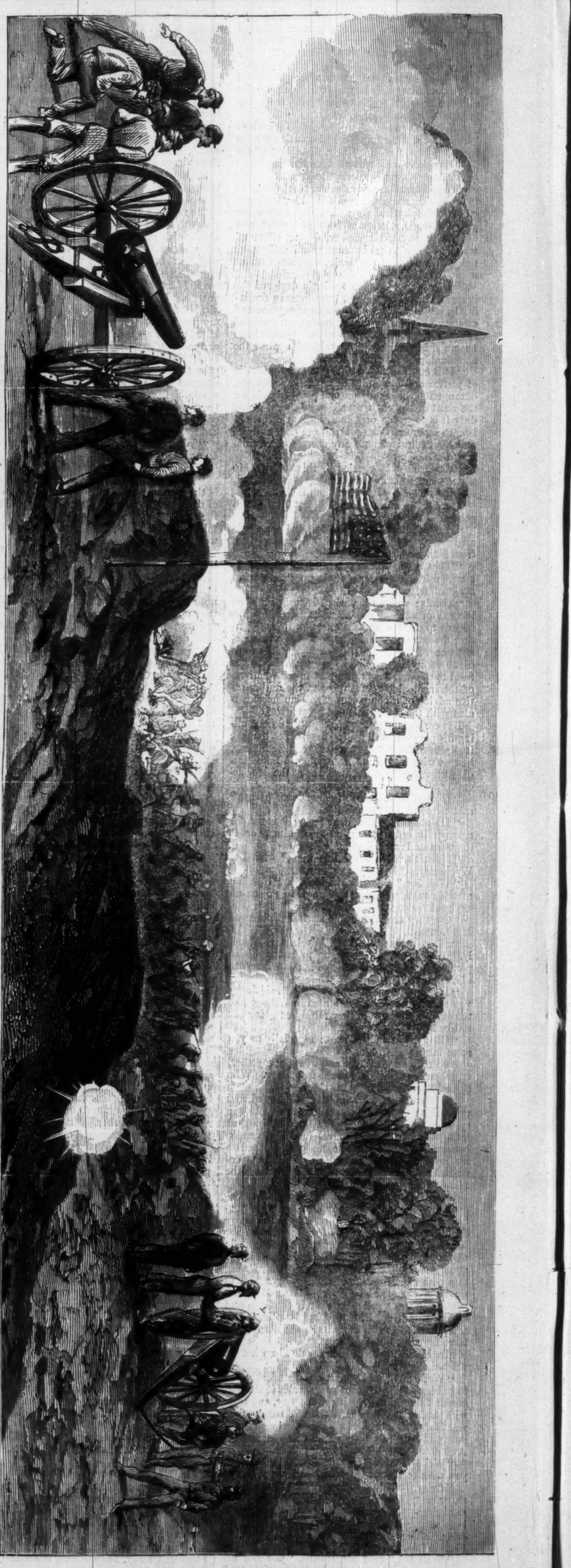
He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "A hard tussle," thought he, "and with my own unnatural, ungrateful, flesh and blood: but I have won it: he hasn't told the Dodds; he never will: and, if he did, who would believe him, or them?"

At dinner there was no Alfred; but after dinner a note to Jane informing her he had taken lodgings in the town, and requesting her to send his books and clothes in the evening. Jane handed the note to her father: and sighed deeply. Watching his face as he read it, she saw him turn rather pale, and looked more furrowed than ever.

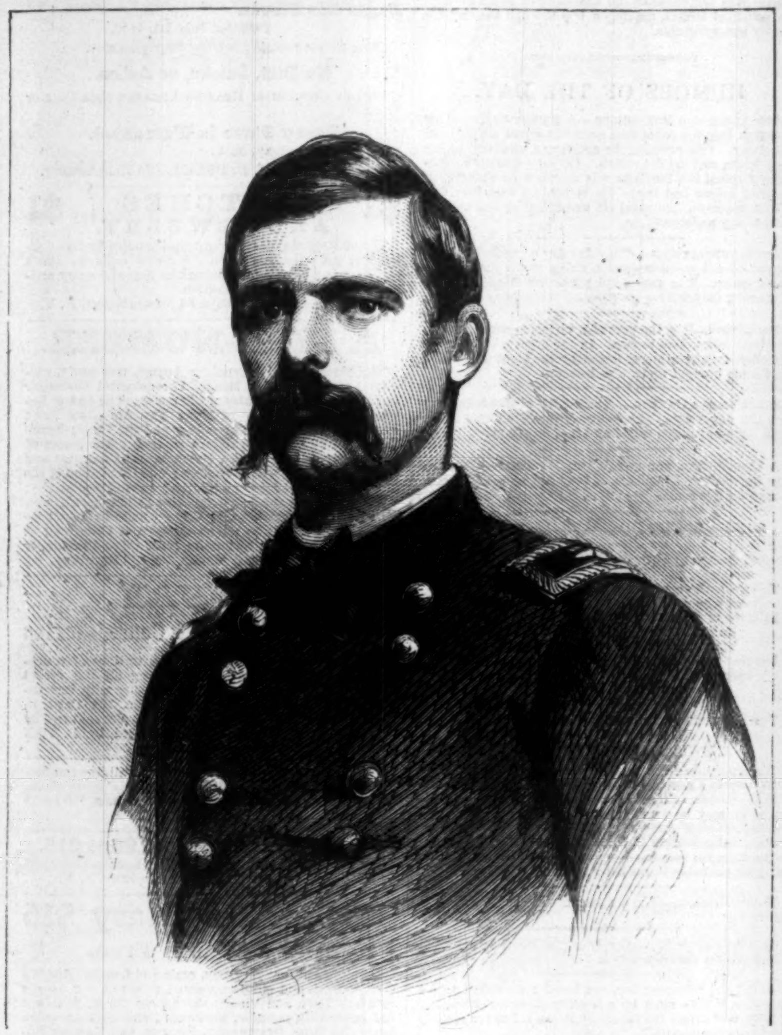
"Papa!" said she, "What *does* it all mean?"

"I am thinking."

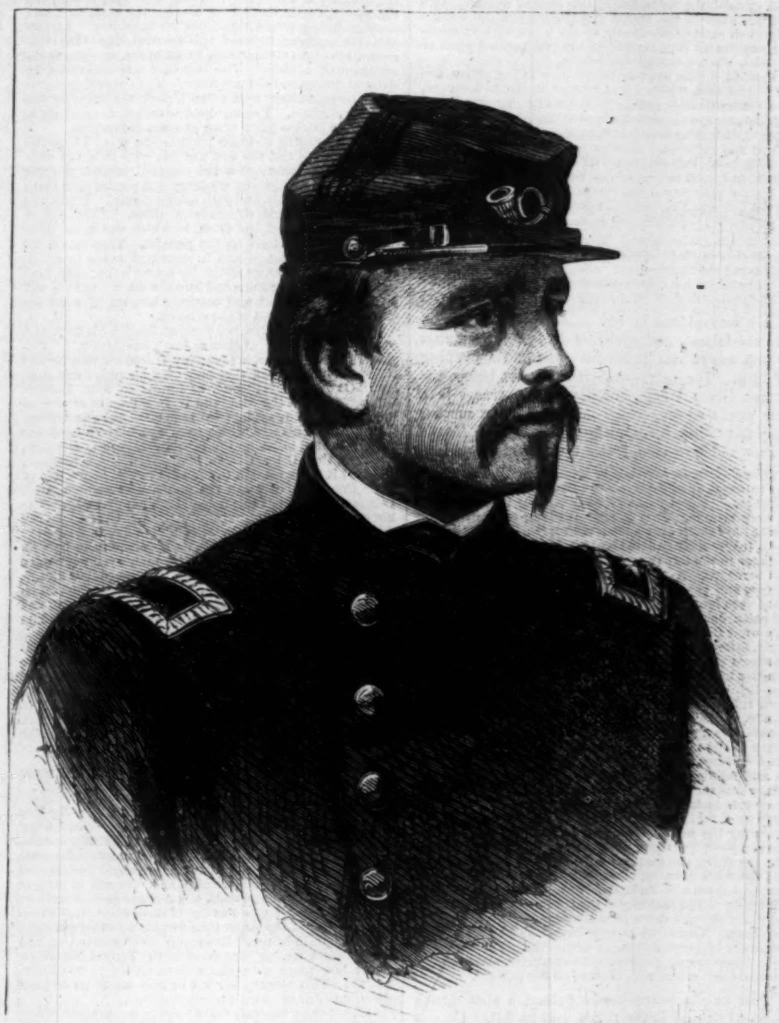
Then, after a long pause he ground his teeth and said, "It means—War."



OUR WORKS BEFORE JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—Sketched before the Evacuation by Captain Achenbach of Ninety-seventh Illinois Volunteers.—[See Page 526.]



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.—[Photographed by Brady.]



THE LATE COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.—[See next Page.]

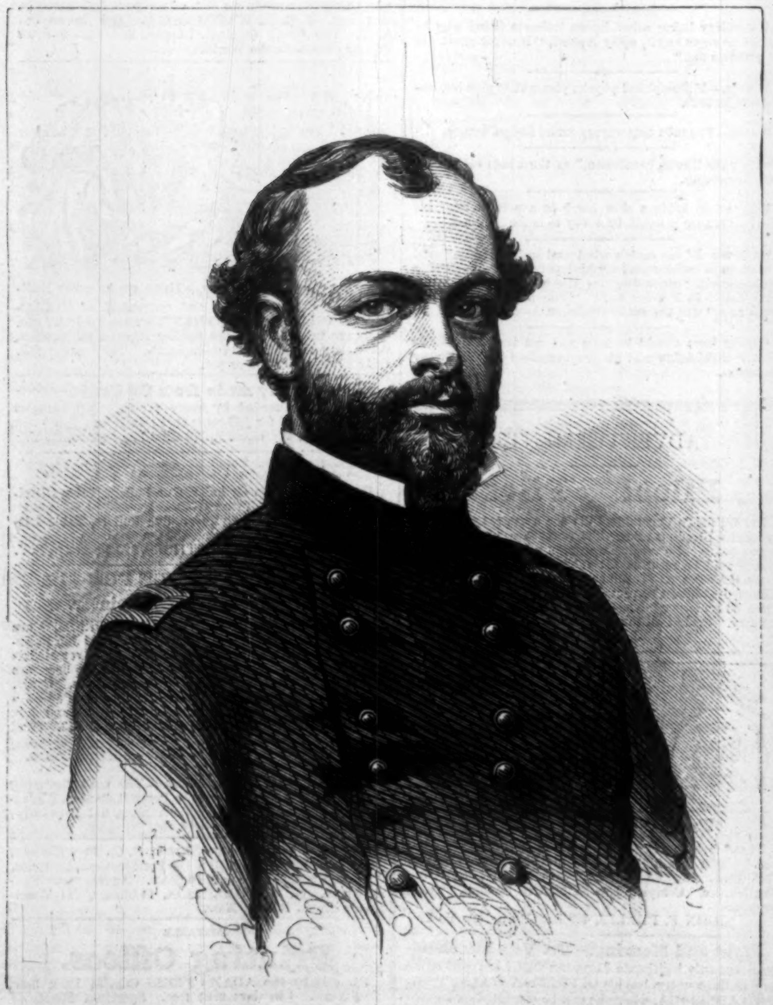
THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.

We publish on this page a portrait—from a photograph by Brady—of the late General Strong, who died in this city on 30th ult., from the results of a wound received in the recent attack on Fort Wagner.

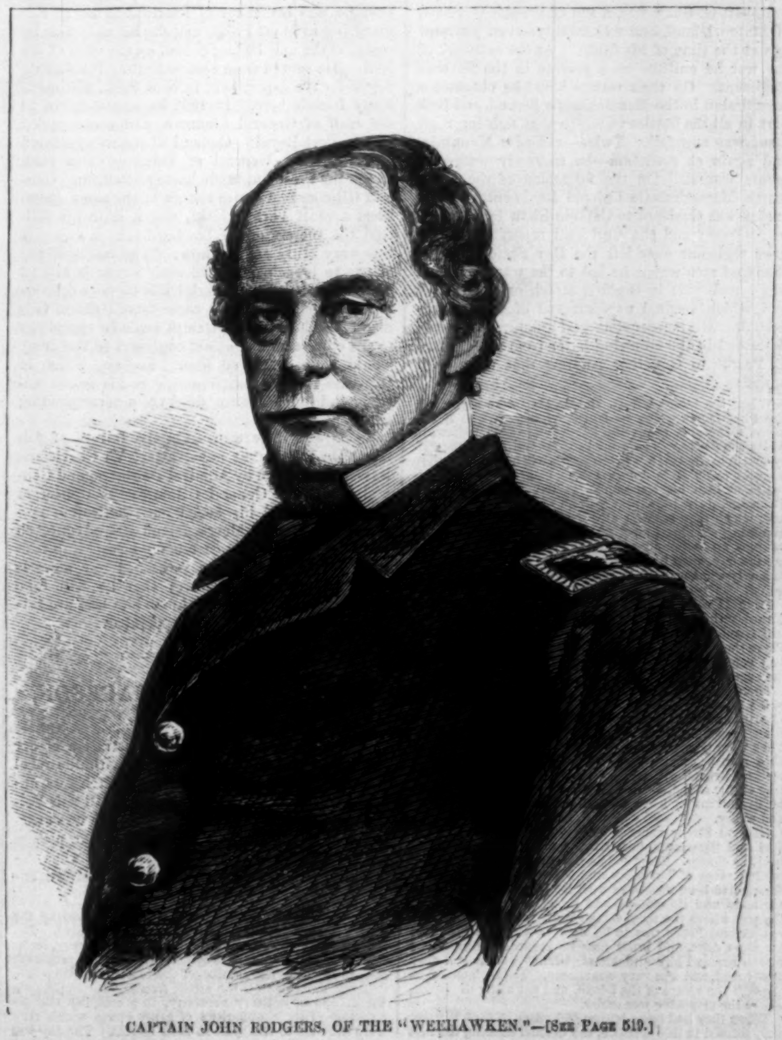
George C. Strong was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1836, entered West Point in 1853, and graduated in 1857. He entered the Ordnance Department, and on the outbreak of the rebellion was in command of the Watervliet Arsenal. He applied for active employment, was placed on the staff of General M'Dowell, and served in that capacity at the battle of Bull Run. He served for a short time on the staff of General M'Clellan, but was soon transferred to General Butler, and proceeded to organize the Butler expedition. He was stationed for some time in Boston and vicinity, and sailed for the Gulf, arriving at Ship Island March 24, 1862. When New Orleans was taken he removed his office to that city, and transacted the business of the Department of the Gulf. The labor and exertion attendant upon his position nearly cost him his life, which for some time was despaired of, but a compulsory visit to the North restored him to health. As chief of General Butler's staff he conducted several expeditions to Biloxi and up the Mississippi, and thus betrayed a character for gallantry that only wanted the opportunity to develop itself.

He returned to the North with General Butler, and after a brief period of inactivity was, at the request of General Gilmore, placed in command of a brigade in the Department of the South. He had previously been appointed Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of General Butler. The following, from the *Herald* correspondence, will show how he commenced his work:

> During the early part of the army movements under General Gilmore to General Strong's brigade was awarded the post of honor, as may be gathered from the following extract from general orders:
>
> SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 2.
>
> *July* 9, 1863.
>
> The attack on Morris Island will take place to-morrow morning at break of day, by opening our batteries at the north end of Folly Island. General Strong's brigade will embark to-night, and hold itself in Folly Island Creek ready to move forward, and at the proper time occupy the south end of Morris Island.
>
> The brigade landed in due order, and, with General Strong and staff at their head, the advance kept on long after they got under the rebel fire. The General, who had fallen into the water, after he got his ducking pulled off his riding-boots to pour out the water, and was too eager to get on to stop and put them on; so he headed the charge with only stockings on, and in that state led the troops



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—Photographed by Haas.—[See next Page.]



CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, OF THE "WEEHAWKEN."—[See Page 519.]

on over hot sand-ridges, up the beach, across shell-banks and oyster-beds, regardless of the style of footing. This conduct pleased the troops amazingly, and the column moved on slowly and silently up the beach without arousing any one till they arrived within two hundred yards of the fort, when a charge was ordered.

General Strong went up to the men at the proper moment and said, "Fire low, and trust in God! Forward, the Connecticut Seventh!" And away they went at a double-quick, with their General at their head. The fort opened with three 8-inch howitzers, heavily charged with grape and canister. Another and a third round plowed among them; but still the survivors pressed on, passed the ditch, and stood on the parapet masters of the situation.

For the gallantry of this charge the following was added to the Commanding General's congratulatory order:

> Special thanks are due to Brigadier-General George C. Strong and his command for the heroic gallantry with which they carried the enemy's batteries on Morris Island; this being the first instance during the war in which powerful batteries have been assaulted successfully by a column disembarked under a heavy artillery fire.

He was placed in command of the troops on Morris Island, and given charge of the column which was to assault Fort Wagner on the evening of 18th. The correspondents say that before the attack General Strong addressed the troops in a few words of fire, which inspirited them so that they felt "like tigers in the attack." The *Herald* correspondent thus narrates the fearful struggle:

> Strong's brigade marched in column up past the right of our batteries, then deployed and advanced in line a short distance, then deployed again and marched up the beach in close column. Fort Sumter saw the movement, and pitched her shells over among the troops. When the brigade, led by their gallant General, had got two-thirds the distance to the fort the rebels in Fort Wagner came out in full strength. A thousand muskets flashed almost together, and poured a deadly fire into our troops. The guns were brought to bear on them, and grape and canister hailed down upon them. With a shout they advanced, at a word from the General, on a double-quick, unfalteringly, directly up into that terrible fire. Musketry rattled, Sumter's shells burst all around them, bullets whistled, canister hummed, grape plowed along the ground, the fort was lighted up almost constantly with the fire from howitzers, rifles, and muskets—not in fitful flashes, but with steady, gleaming sheets of flame. They never staggered—never wavered—did not stop for the many who fell or listen to the moans of the wounded. They reached the ditch and crossed it—some on planks, some rushing down in and toiling up, some seeking a better entrance to the left, where the ditch was, however, filled with water. As they were making the crossing howitzers in the bastions kept up a raking fire, prostrating many bodies, but not deterring the mass. Over they went, and clambered up the parapets; but the grape met them every where, sweeping the ditch, the curtains outside, the parapets above; and the rebel infantry, seeing all but unseen themselves, peppered them with bullets and gave no chance to respond effectually. The majority of the troops struggled on manfully and charged down over the parapet, driving all before them. There was certain danger now in retreating, uncertain danger in staying or advancing. The rebels had been driven from one corner over a traverse, and the Sixth Connecticut's colors were planted on the parapet.

Just as the parapet was gained, a shot struck General Strong in the thigh, and he fell. He was carried out of the fight by his men, and sent to hospital. Thence transferred to a steamer he was brought here; but the wound was more severe than his enfeebled constitution could bear. On his arrival here he was attacked by lock-jaw, and died on 30th ult.

In him the country has lost one of her noblest and best soldiers.

THE LATE COLONEL SHAW.

WE publish on page 525 a portrait of the late COLONEL SHAW, who was killed at the head of his regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers (colored), in the recent attack on Fort Wagner.

Robert G. Shaw was a son of Francis G. Shaw, of Staten Island, and was twenty-seven years of age at the time of his death. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in the Seventh Regiment. On their return home he obtained a commission in the Massachusetts Second, and took part in all the battles in which that fighting regiment was engaged. Twice—at Cedar Mountain, and again at Antietam—he narrowly escaped a severe wound. On the formation of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Colored Regiment the Colonelcy was tendered to Captain Shaw by Governor Andrew; and the universal report is that no finer regiment ever left the Bay State than the thousand men whom he led to the war. Colonel Shaw took part in the first attack on Morris Island, which secured us command of most of the Island. His subsequent performance is so well described in the following letter from Mr. Edward L. Pearce to Governor Andrew that we give it entire:

> When the troops left St. Helena they were separated, the Fifty-fourth going to James Island. While it was there, General S. received a letter from Colonel Shaw, in which the desire was expressed for the transfer of the Fifty-fourth to General S.'s brigade. So when the troops were brought away from James Island General S. took this regiment into his command. It left James Island on Thursday, July 16, at 9 A.M., and marched to Cole's Island, which they reached at 4 o'clock on Friday morning, marching all night, most of the way in single file, over swampy and muddy ground. There they remained during the day, with hard tack and coffee for their fare, and this only what was left in their haversacks, not a regular ration.
>
> From 11 o'clock of Friday evening until 4 o'clock of Saturday they were being put on the transport, the *General Hunter*, in a boat, which took about fifty at a time. There they breakfasted on the same fare, and had no other food before entering into the assault on Fort Wagner in the evening.
>
> The *General Hunter* left Cole's Island for Folly Island at 6 A.M., and the troops landed at Pawnee Landing about 9½ A.M., and thence marched to the point opposite Morris Island, reaching there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They were transported in a steamer across the inlet, and at 4 P.M. began their march for Fort Wagner. They reached Brigadier-General Strong's quarters, about midway on the island, about 6 or 6½ o'clock, where they halted for five minutes. I saw them there, and they looked worn and weary.
>
> General Strong expressed a great desire to give them food and stimulants, but it was too late, as they were to lead the charge. They had been without tents during the pelting rains of Thursday and Friday nights. General Strong had been impressed with the high character of the regiment and its officers, and he wished to assign them the post where the most severe work was to be done and the highest honor was to be won. I had been his guest for some days, and knew how he regarded them. The march across Folly and Morris islands was over a very sandy road, and was very wearisome. The regiment went through the centre of the island, and not along the beach, where the marching was easier.
>
> When they had come within 600 yards of Fort Wagner they formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first and the Major the second battalion. This was within musket-shot of the enemy. There was little firing from the enemy, a solid shot falling between the battalions, and another falling to the right, but no musketry. At this point the regiment, together with the next supporting regiments, the Sixth Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and others remained half an hour. The regiment was addressed by General Strong and Colonel Shaw. Then at half past seven or three-quarters past seven o'clock the order for the charge was given. The regiment advanced at quick time, changed to double-quick when at some distance on.
>
> The intervening distance between the place where the line was formed and the fort was run over in a few minutes. When within one or two hundred yards of the fort a terrific fire of grape and musketry was poured upon them along the entire line, and with deadly results. It tore the ranks to pieces and disconcerted some. They rallied again, went through the ditch, in which was some three feet of water, and then up the parapet. They raised the flag on the parapet, where it remained a few minutes. Here they melted away before the enemy's fire, their bodies falling down the slope and into the ditch. Others will give a more detailed and accurate account of what occurred during the rest of the conflict.
>
> Colonel Shaw reached the parapet, leading his men, and was probably killed. Adjutant Jones saw him fall. Private Thomas Burgess, of Company I, told me that he was close to Colonel Shaw; that he waved his sword and cried out, "Onward, boys!" and, as he did so, fell. Burgess fell, wounded, at the same time. In a minute or two, as he rose to crawl away, he tried to pull Colonel Shaw along, taking hold of his feet, which were near his own head, but there appeared to be no life in him. There is a report, however, that Colonel Shaw is wounded and a prisoner, and that it was so stated to the officers who bore a flag of truce from us; but I can not find it well authenticated. It is most likely that this noble youth has given his life to his country and to mankind. Brigadier-General Strong (himself a kindred spirit) said of him to-day in a message to his parents: "I had but little opportunity to be with him, but I already loved him. No man ever went more gallantly into battle. None knew him but to love him."
>
> I parted with Colonel Shaw between six and seven on Saturday evening, as he rode forward to his regiment, and he gave me the private letters and papers he had with him to be delivered to his father.
>
> I asked General Strong if he had any testimony in relation to the regiment to be communicated to you. These are his precise words, and I give them to you as I noted them at the time:
>
> "The Fifty-fourth did well and nobly, only the fall of Colonel Shaw prevented them from entering the fort. They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and with their enthusiasm they deserved a better fate."

One who knew him well wrote of him, most truthfully:

> It was that rare quality that commands at once the love and obedience of men that peculiarly fitted Colonel Shaw for a commander. Of a most genial and kindly nature, of manners as gentle as a woman's, of a native refinement that brooked nothing coarse, of a clear moral insight that no evil association could tarnish, of a strength of purpose aiming always at noble ends, of a courage quiet but cheerful and unwavering, he was one of those characters which attracts, and at the same time moulds all others brought under their influence. Even this was observed of him when only a second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts; how much more has it been shown in the Fifty-fourth! This country has lost in him one of its best soldiers, and one of its most promising men.
>
> Colonel Shaw was only about twenty-seven years of age, and was married a few weeks before he joined the army of the South.

GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.

WE publish on page 525 a portrait of GENERAL GILMORE, the commander of our army near Charleston, from a photograph by Lieutenant Haas.

General Gilmore was born in Ohio, about thirty-six years ago. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1845, and graduated in 1849, at the head of a class of 43 members. He was appointed to the Engineers, and was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in 1856, and to a Captaincy in 1861. From 1849 to 1852 he was engaged on the fortifications at Hampton Roads; from 1852 to 1856 he was instructor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, and during this time he designed the new Riding School on the crest of the Hill. He served from 1856 to 1861 as Purchasing Agent for the department in New York, and made many friends here. In 1861 he was assigned to the staff of General Sherman, and accompanied him to Port Royal. General Sherman appointed him Brigadier-General of Volunteers—a rank which the President made haste to confirm. General Gilmore had entire charge of the siege operations against Fort Pulaski, and it is to his skill that the success of the bombardment is due. It was very truly said of him: "The result of the efforts to breach a fort of such strength and at such a distance confers high honor on the engineering skill and self-reliant capacity of General Gilmore. Failure in an attempt made in opposition to the opinion of the ablest engineers in the army would have destroyed him. Success, which in this case is wholly attributable to his talent, energy, and independence, deserves a corresponding reward."

That reward he won. On the failure of Admiral Du Pont's first naval attack on Charleston he was superseded by Admiral Dahlgren, and General Hunter by General Gilmore. The latter at once commenced his attack on Charleston, proceeding to land on Morris Island and advance on Fort Wagner with his customary energy and caution. How well he has succeeded our news is there to tell. He believes that he will take Charleston, and those who know him best are satisfied that he will not be disappointed.

THE CAPTURE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

WE publish on page 524 an illustration of our works before Jackson, Mississippi, with the rebel works in the back-ground, from a sketch by Captain Achenbach of the Ninety-seventh Illinois Volunteers. As every one knows the place was evacuated within forty-eight hours after our picture was taken. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the appearance of the place after we entered:

> It would beggar description to attempt to portray the appearance of Jackson after the rebels retreated. Destruction was visible on all hands. Our own army, on its first visit to Jackson, destroyed much valuable property; and, to complete the catalogue, the rebels burned up fifty or sixty buildings on the street fronting the Capitol, on the ground of military necessity, to accomplish the destruction of large quantities of army stores which they were not able to transport in their retreat. The day was sultry, scarcely a current of fresh air being felt, and the smoke from the ruins of the fires coursed along through the principal streets, making a trip through the city decidedly uncomfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

APPALLING AND MYSTERIOUS.—A gentleman (?) and his wife took lodgings some time since in a street not far from Broadway. One morning the gentleman went out, apparently alone, and did not return. On subsequently searching the room, the landlady was horrified on discovering that her lodger had taken his better-half with him, and left his quarters. Surgical aid was called in, but too late to be of any assistance.

ART MANUFACTURES.—The other day a gentleman holding an official position gave a rising young modeler his countenance. The ungrateful youth has since made use of the mug for drinking purposes.

EDUCATION.—It is the part of a virtuous government to give good instruction to vice. In the great metropolis we are often taught a moral lesson by the sight of a young thief being brought up by a policeman.

SAUCE FROM A GANDER.—A foolish friend of ours declares that the discovery of the source of the Nile would in the Dark Ages have been called an act of source-ry.

A COOL THING FOR THE WARM WEATHER.—Running into the Bank and inquiring if they can oblige you with change for five cents.

SONGS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.—THE MAT.

AIR—*"Pray, Goody."*

Be good enough to wipe your shoes, I'll thank you, for it's wrong
  To splash those marks injurious which arise,
Remember where the mat is placed, the prejudice is strong
  In favor of the friction it supplies.
      Rub then, scrub then,
      Your boots, nor at your club then,
  Imagine you can take your mud up stairs before our eyes.
        So be good enough, etc.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.—Has she much tin?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wakeimup.—Of course; he was a very rude man, indeed, to pass a sleepless night without even nodding.

Molly Coddle.—Standing on your head in a pail of boiling water may be comforting, but is hardly to be recommended except in extreme cases.

Pops wants to know if, when distance lent enchantment to the view, the loan was ever returned? We hardly think so; most probably it was left a loan.

NOVEL DISEASE.—The gentleman who caught a train is recovering.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor, "This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why so?" asked the other. "Because I never see any *dead ones* hereabouts."

A man, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and bottle, found on the bank of the river. Verdict, "Found empty."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

What is drinking?—Suicide of the mind.

"After you," as the tea-kettle said to the dog's tail.

"More work and less noise," as the lady's watch said when it beat St. Paul's.

A secretary being asked by an intimate friend why he did not promote merit, aptly replied, "Because merit did not promote me."

ADVICE.—Philosophical physic, pleasant to give but unpleasant to take.

PRIDE.—The mist that vapors round insignificance.

"By your leaves, gentlemen," as the winds said to the trees in autumn.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace?—Because it would be a way to make him fast.

"I never did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee-room. "And pray, Sir," inquired a would-be wit, "since you saw the wind and the storm, what might their color be?" "The wind blew and the storm rose," was the ready rejoinder.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he could't say his lesson.

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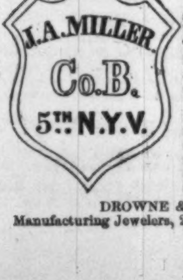
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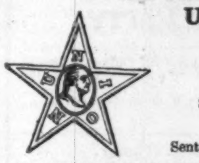

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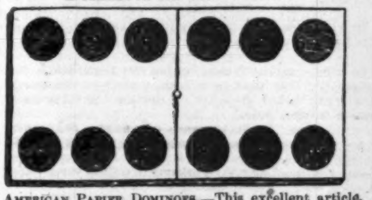

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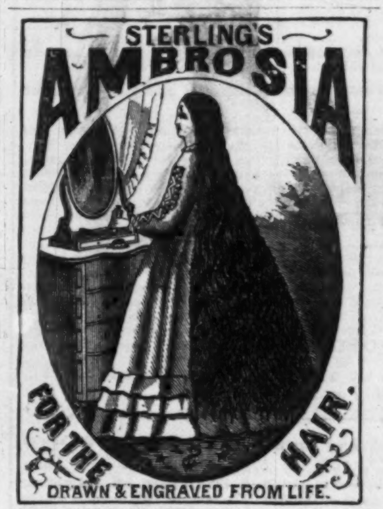
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